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**THE BOOK OF
BROTHER JAMES**

BOOKS BY RICHARD WHITWELL

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THE ONLY WAY

A Mystic's contribution to the solution of the world's problems

THE GOLD OF DAWN (temporarily out of print)

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE KINGDOM

IN THE DESERT A HIGHWAY

THE CLOUD AND THE FIRE

THE DESIRE OF THE AGES

THE GOLDEN BOOK

LIVING WATERS

Volume of Poems

JACOB BOEHME (temporarily out of print)

WILLIAM LAW

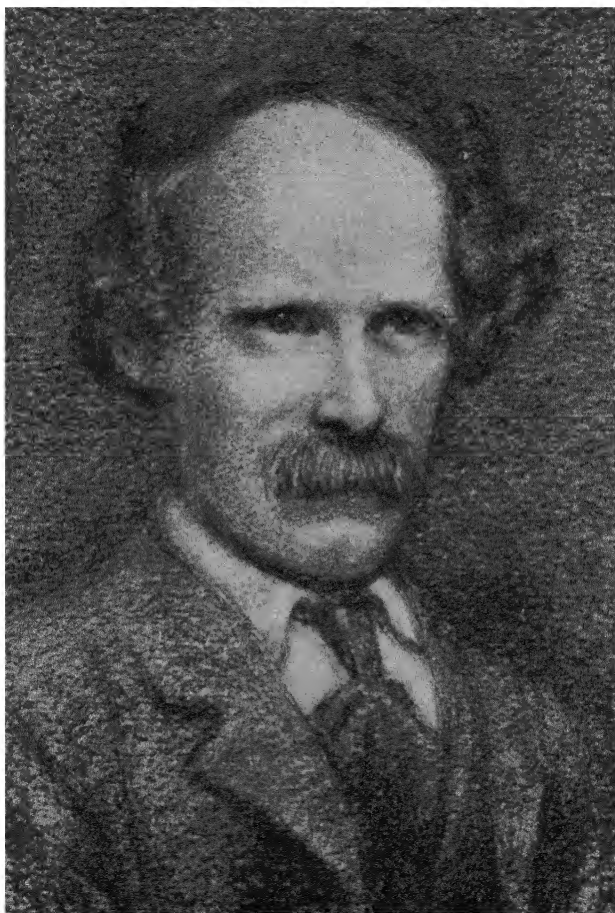
FRIENDS OF GOD

MOTHER JULIAN (temporarily out of print)

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE

A Nativity Play

THE APOCALYPSE



PENCIL PORTRAIT OF BROTHER JAMES
BY GEORGE MANN

THE BOOK OF BROTHER JAMES

or

The Finding of the Grail

EDITED AND COMPILED BY
RICHARD WHITWELL



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*Hand in hand we go up unto the City of Peace;
In the fellowship of Life we ascend the Hill where
is the rising of the Sun;
With great joy we enter the House of Blessing.*

BROTHER JAMES

19TH SEPTEMBER, 1925

Dear Brother, that of late didst lay thee down
In that green field, and from the hands of Death,
Amid September suns, take up thy crown
Of Life indeed, of breath the very breath!
Son of the Cross and saviour of thy kind,
Lover of bird and beast and flower and tree,
Friend of the poor, the broken and the blind,
Prophet and seer, and soul of ecstasy!
Mount up, thou spark of that Creative Fire
Undying at the heart of this our race,
And blossom out on wings that cannot tire,
Of beauty, truth, and all-compassioned grace!
Attendant still upon our human plight,
Rain down on us thy heavenly love and light!

EFFIE MARGARET HEATH.

The contents of this book are taken from the works of Brother James in the order in which they are listed below. This order is, with one exception, chronological. The books are no longer in print, we regret to say.

BREATHINGS OF THE ANGELS' LOVE

THE OPENING OF THE GATES

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HEALERS

THE SONG OF THE CROSS

CORPUS MEUM

BREATHS OF THE GREAT LOVE'S SONG

THE CHRIST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

IN THE HEART OF THE HOLY GRAIL

THE CHRIST OF THE HEALING HAND

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

THE GREAT PEACE

HYMN OF THE GREAT LIBERATION

CONCERNING THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF
FIGHTING

THE JESUS HEALER

Other works are

THE LADY SHEILA

THE BAREFOOT LEAGUE

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To the One who alone is, of whom we all are;
Whose very essence is in us, whose life-stream
 is ours;
Yea, whose life we are;
Who cannot be without us, and without whom
 we cannot be;
Who is our own Holy Spirit,
Never apart from us at any time,
And from whom we can never be apart
Through life and death and the eternities of
 Life;
Our very Self, our very substance,
The Healer, Recreator and Comforter of our
 body and soul,
And the never-failing strength of our being.

FOREWORD TO NEW EDITION

SINCE this book fell out of print in the early years of the war, when a reprint was impossible, many have been the enquiries, "When is there going to be a new edition?" That there should be one was taken for granted because of its living appeal. And now, the wartime difficulties no longer holding, it has come about; and we are happy to commend this fresh edition to a widening public.

It is fitting that the book should reappear at this time, with the New Age dawning. For the message of Brother James is that of a very prophet-voice for these days. He is not alone, for there are many voices proclaiming the deeper urgencies, so needful at this time when all things stand in crisis, and man must choose one way or another way. He points to the essential, the spiritual, the real, the true way that we must tread. There was light in the west as he looked. For he looked believingly, out of his inward awareness, realising the purpose of God in the life of man. He believed into the better than we see, the beautiful, the true, the lovely. He pictures it in beautiful imagery, and with the conviction arising from his own experience, in which there came to him a very heavenly realisation. He had no doubt at all of the divine meaning inherent in the heart of things; for though man changes, God changes not.

The book stands as before, apart from a slight revision of the introductory chapter on Brother James as I knew him.

R. W.

BROTHER JAMES

"BROTHER JAMES" was the name by which James Leith MacBeth Bain, mystical writer and poet, and spiritual healer, came to be known to so many. I had the rare privilege of a close intimacy with him. In his strength and in his weakness have I known him. He was an original figure, and to a degree unconventional. But there was that in him which to me was strangely attractive, as of one living in awareness of another world, sweeter and better far than the outer sense world that we know. It was from that source he felt the uprush of the great Love of which he sings. I do not think many fully understood him, but he responded with such a warmth where there was that understanding. For his nature was very friendly. When, in my own experience—it happened at almost a casual moment, and quite unsought—I first came face to face with him, I met an instant friendliness. It was as if a light of recognition passed between us, which I think is what happens in every true friendship. For when this takes place, in spontaneity, we feel that we have known one another and met before.

We did not meet again for another twelve months, when a further similar experience—sacred to us both—drew us more closely together. We looked together into the Light. It was all very lovely, and meant much to me; indeed, more than I can easily say. He also opened the door for me to many precious contacts.

He had a sensitiveness of spiritual and sympathetic perception which was remarkable. I recollect how once, in the midst of the stress of an agonising experience, without one word of

explanation on my part, he seemed instantly to realise what I was going through. How tender was the compassion I felt pouring from him, and how strengthening the comfort that he gave.

Concerning his ministry, we may say that he was known to the few, but unknown to the many. He did not seek recognition. His chief service was in ways of simple contact with individuals rather than in any more spectacular way. Nevertheless, his influence, through his writings and his spoken word, mostly in little group-meetings and the little healing-groups that he sponsored, underwent a quiet expansion, apart from any special effort of his own. There is no more attractive power than that of a life possessed of God, and of the Love of God. It is a magnetism that goes forth silently, yet not the less powerful for that. Therefore we may say with confidence that his message will be found to exercise an influence deeper and more profound than that of many who have sought to make a more popular appeal. Truly the real influence of our lives is in the degree in which we make contact with the unitive Life.

There were many who regarded Brother James as a mere eccentric. They saw in him what they could not understand. It was of course that there was no real point of contact. He and they were dwelling in different worlds, though they trod the same hard earth. They but discerned the outer man, missing the inner context. I have seen shocked resentment on the facts of some who have observed his affectionate friendliness, misreading from their own less chaste spirits the shining purity which was his. I had rich opportunity of knowing something of the finely sensitive spiritual balance and poise of his inner nature, kept sweet and fresh by a humour that was kindly and free from all malice. At heart he was a little child, living directly in the world of his new and great conception,

his open vision, which, with breaks, in the past seemed to shatter itself upon the present, and with how great agony, held him and kept him there. Let me quote a few words of his own, which in fact are beautifully expressive of the man himself.

"In a man of pure soul, whose feelings are sweet with love, and whose thoughts are clean from all self-seeking or any unworthiness, the Holy Spirit will work as a power of blessing to his body, and to the body of every man or beast or bird or plant, or any living creature he touches with his hand or his breath or influences mentally."

The impress of his personality and of his spoken word, as well as that of his writings, has helped to transfigure many a life. Yet it has been not so much in what he said in so many words, but in something implicit there which they were felt to convey. And up and down the world there are many who owe their own spiritual quickening to that contact.

His own deep experience was born through degrees of agony, an early phase of which lay in the shipwreck of the religious thought in which he had been nurtured, and the painful break of an agnostic point of view upon what to him was a devotional necessity.

In the reaction, and through the great restlessness that was upon him, he sought pleasurable outlet. The Scottish hills and moors ever called to him. Nothing delighted him more as a young man than to go out with the hunters; yet it was not without a spirit of inner protest. At length this came to a head, ending this phase of his life once and for all. The cry of a hunted hare, severely wounded, which rent the air, not unlike the sobbing, heart-broken, shrieking cry of a child, pierced his very heart. It stunned him, shook him, broke him down. It came with meaning deeper than he had realised. It shattered all his self-defences. He had the strange apperception of an Eye, all-seeing, which looked at him, penetratingly,

that he could not get away from it, from above, from below, and from all around. It affected him convictingly; he was utterly crushed, and in his remorse longed to get free and out of himself. But the light of that Eye, which bred remorse, continuing to shine in and through him, also brought understanding and vision. The Light which was as *righteousness* in its very depths changed to infinite, tender love; he read it, he felt it, he realised it everywhere. From that moment he became the lover of every living thing. Thus there was a more or less sudden, a more or less catastrophic, shifting of the bases of his spiritual consciousness. During the years that follow there is the effort of adjustment of the outer man to this inner vision.

A sequence of events led to a close and intimate friendship with a very remarkable man, Dr. George Wyld, a strangely rich friendship which remained a golden light in his experience. Dr. Wyld, then an old man, was a very original thinker, and the author of a fine work, "Christo-Theosophy," and it was largely under his inspiration that a little group of earnest students was formed under the title, "The Christo-Theosophic Society," which afterwards re-formed as "The Christian Mystical Society." Out of this effort a very deep and abiding work was accomplished.

It was under the wise guidance of Dr. Wyld that Brother James touched Spiritualism for the first time. And it came to him with an infinite consolation, for it broke the hard intellectual barrier that had raised itself athwart the belief of his childhood, preventing that simplicity of faith for which his heart ached. The material interpretation of things was severed by the evidence of the beyond-death survival of consciousness, and a door was opened for him to re-interpret the old belief in terms of spirit and of life, and give expression to that rapturous vision and deeper understanding gradually

filling and absorbing his heart and mind. The thought and feeling of "the lover of God" was strong upon him, though the expression came with gradual realisation. And later he was able to sing, his heart bursting with praise.

"How great is thy peace, thou lover of God,
How deep is thy joy, thou soul renewed.
O peace how great! O joy how deep!
O sweet Light of radiant ways,
O glad Beauty of our days,
How great is thy peace, thou child of God."

And this to the rich melody that came to him as spontaneously as the words themselves.

Love indeed came to him in those days. For it was through Dr. Wyld that he met the dear and beloved one who was to be his wife. She supplied a great love, a simple understanding, a fine practical helpfulness. Where she could not follow with her mind she loved with her heart, and intuitively accepted. Very beautiful was their at-one-ment with one another. Very rich, very tender was that love which found so sweet expression in his verse and melodies. And what touched him most, and sang itself in his spirit, was her simple lowliness, a word sweet on his lips; she gave herself greatly to him—as, indeed, she gave of herself greatly in all that she did, which simple power in her, combined with other qualities, made possible her own rich healing ministry. Nor do we doubt his own rich response, because of the greatness of his own love-nature, and the sensitiveness of his perception. A certain difference was latent there, which imperceptibly opened from causes partly beyond their control, for her perception was psychic more than spiritual, his spiritual rather than psychic. This difference, manifest in the outward, was bridged after her *passing* by his spiritual experience of the nearness of her own dear presence. But in those days no cloud was on the

horizon. Their relationship was very sweet and very simple and very true; and to him it was as a pure melody.

"O how sweet thy gentle presence
Sheds thy fragrance all around me."

Thus did he sing of her. And never have I heard him make reference to her in words that were other than real and true and devoted.

In those love-ful days he composed many of his sweet lyrics and melodies in the rapture of faith restored. Later, from a fuller experience, came his deeper and more profound teaching. The suffering which attended much of his experience was very intense; it was sometimes as if he had passed through fire. We have an echo of it in his expression: "The soul must be ground to a fine powder," if the aroma of God is to be known. At the same time his capacity of pure joy, and the perception of the presentness of God which from time to time came full upon him, was very wonderful. This became more and more articulate in his message. It was the spiritual inspiration of his healing work.

While it was his wife who, to a large extent, opened the door to his healing ministry, his initiation in an ampler way came through veritable spiritual experience. We have made passing reference to his intensity of spirit, obvious enough in his writings and in his spoken word, wherein and where-through was expressed a Spirit deeper than his own. By reason of this his inner strife and suffering would pass its own limit, and in the exhaustion of the personal there was an entry of a blessed thing. He felt it as it were a sweet fire passing through his brain, and through his body, or like unto burning "drops of rain," each drop of which was an electric quickening, or again, as the gentle stroking of a Hand.

The discovery of his own healing gift, and the deep and

earnest sense of its mission, and his quick presentiment of that same gift in others, aroused in him the high enthusiasm for a healing evangel. He lost no opportunity of enlisting recruits for what he began to call the "Brotherhood of Healers," a *brotherhood*, but not an organisation. The finding of potential healers, making them aware of their gift, and leaving them to the guidance of the Spirit, was all that he felt to be necessary. He had a flair for finding the right men and women, selecting one of a number present at a meeting or social gathering, or in the home where he was guest. With quiet, insistent earnestness he would assure him that he possessed the power to heal, and solemnly urge that it should be consecrated and used only for worthy ends. Wherever he went he found people who were deeply stirred by his message, little groups forming and continuing to meet for healing services in the intervals between his visits.

In ministering to certain ailments of mind and body his voice was used in song to tranquillise the distracted emotions, even while his hand soothed the brain and conveyed virtue to the nervous system.

"He was," wrote William Hendry, his gifted co-worker in the healing ministry, "the only man I have known who agonised in spirit over wayward individuals until a change of heart, or rather, will, took place. Like St. Paul, he was in sore travail until he felt that this was accomplished. When victorious in this spiritual warfare something of the joy of the newly redeemed soul reflected itself in him."

One side of Brother James' ministry which he seldom spoke about, continues Mr. Hendry, was the liberation of earth-bound spirits. "Once during a visit to us in Scotland he was writing at one end of a room where I was chatting with a friend who had the psychic gift of clairvoyance. She interrupted the conversation by asking what strange pre-historic

being was with me. She had never seen anything like him before—claylike in feature, dwarfish in size. I could make no suggestion, but when she went on to say that he was showing her the sign of a golden disk and a cross in it I remembered that that symbol was on the cover of Brother James' books. Just then he lifted his eyes from his writing and asked a few questions. Then in his quiet way he said, 'I know. Yesterday out on the hills I came on a mound which was a burial place of the Picts, and knew that the little people were still there, so I preached the Word to them.' Then the clairvoyant, seeing on both sides of the veil, said, 'This is one of their head men who has been deputed to accompany you into the great new world and return with news to his folk.' James resumed his writing with the remark, 'Aye, Willie, the family is large.' "

He had a quick intuitive insight that was perceptive of the soul and its need, to which his action often swiftly responded. I will give one instance which might easily be multiplied. A friend writes how, at a time of deep spiritual distress, hearing that Brother James was speaking, he attended a meeting in the Midlands, hoping if possible to receive some message which might prove helpful in his trouble. To his amazement immediately the meeting ended Brother James stepped down from the platform, and coming straight to him, took him by the hand and spoke comfortingly to him. He gave in that understanding pressure of the hand the touch of heaven itself.

Some sudden incident might awaken the great Love in him, and then it was a beautiful thing to witness. I well remember how a certain dear one was brought, half carried, into a little sacred place where a healing meeting was about to commence. She had slipped in stepping from a motor bus and hurt herself somewhat, yet narrowly escaping greater injury she was completely prostrate from nervous shock. She was taken

to an adjoining room, and Brother James, who was present, ministered to her. Never can I forget the almost mother-brooding gentleness, tenderness, strength with which he ministered: the great Love surging through that made him forget himself completely.

Though Brother James ever had what he loved to call the healing touch, he gradually found that his own strength did not lie in this direction. It was in his spiritual stimulation rather than in definite works of healing that his power lay. His work was ever one of healing, but it tended away from the physical to the spiritual, from the physical touch to the spiritual word. The same power was transmuted, or found expression in a new channel, the urge to express the deepening message that he felt, which in its depth and mystic grasp have proved to many the very bread of life.

His message was too rarified for the multitude, too pure for the sophisticated, but to the many earnest seekers and lovers whose lives had become simplified it often came with immediate appeal, and doubtless with spiritual stimulus to their own originality—for it was itself the touching of something original and beautiful.

When came the great catastrophe of the nations he, unlike so many teachers and leaders of repute, did not lose his balance and poise of vision and relapse into spiritual blindness. It shook him as it shook everybody, but his message rose to serenity as he answered the "Hymn of Hate" by a "Hymn of Love."

I do not suppose there were many whose lives were unaffected by that great tumult of the deep—if not directly, then indirectly. The backwash of the great waves broke upon the shores of many lives, affecting them in a personal way, though in appearance (yet only so) unconnected with the greater woe. Nor was Brother James exempt from his share in the same.

His dear wife had become prostrate through almost giving her life for another. For weary months and months she lay helpless, yet uncomplaining, still serving as she could. And as is so often the case in like circumstances, Brother James was powerless to help her; he could render no valid aid. That it was so fretted his spirit and troubled him beyond words.

Other troubles pressed upon him, and in very necessity and for a while almost physically broken, he went north to his mother's home. And then it was that he, too, as a little child being led, found restoration and deepest consolation to his spirit. A little children's home became known to him in a very beautiful way, and through a love-ful invitation made to him. When he saw the little ones he fell in love with them and they with him. It became his second home. Unknowingly they ministered to him, and he was a source of rare interest and happiness to them.

He was once more, with them, his natural radiant self. He would sing and frolic with them, as he describes in his own inimitable way in his little book "Out of the Mouth of Babes." It was a blessed period, and for him a very heavenly experience. Otherwise I do not know whether he could have withstood the travail of woe that was to break in great waves upon him.

For the process in which it came about, the particular form that it took, he was not, humanly speaking, without blame, yet I am not sure that he could help himself. There are occasions when the inner life is stunned, and the outer reactions tend to respond to earlier and forgotten stimuli, the apparent resuscitation of what has now no real place in the life at all. There is such a thing as the plunge of a "dark night," when the spirit is bereft of all solace, and the peace which, known truly, "passeth understanding" seems in the

experience to be withdrawn and gone for ever. Then indeed how sweet the ministration of human sympathy and understanding! The Spirit of the World makes its last desperate attempt to rivet the old discarded personality, in rags and tatters though it is, back on the emancipated soul.

At such a time, truly "one woe doth tread upon another's heels." Within a little while of each other his beloved wife died, then his old mother, whom he adored, and then a dear sister. For a season he was utterly distraught, and in great spiritual agony. And the intensity was such as if a very cosmic agony touched and penetrated his heart through this immediate personal trouble. He wrestled till he felt he could do no more. At length he surrendered himself to the powers that be to do with him as they would; he would resist no longer.

He emerged with the simplicity and humility of a little child, with a sense of his own nothingness, and nearer to the heart of things than he had ever been before. He now sought above all to move among simple people, and to do good in a quiet unaffected way. He went into the slums of Liverpool, and I doubt not, made many friends there. And he would go laden with garden and wild flowers, and vegetables, and very likely his pockets filled with sweets that the children love. His last beautiful work was written in quiet serenity, and afforded a fitting end and finale to his writings. He felt that he had now given his message as far as it was in him to do. And now he laid down his pen, and had no desire to take it up again. He found sweet communion with the children, and with all natural and living things. He felt the very soil to be alive and responsive. And through all he had that closer communion with the inner, central, ineffable, deepest Fact, a sensitive touching with that central Blessedness, in the service of which he now felt himself to be but a "wee herd-laddie" of the flock of the Great Shepherd. His last years were in more or less

retirement from the world, and were spent in ways of unobtrusive service.

I will quote a few passages from our correspondence in 1925, the year of his passing.

On February 11th he writes:

"... it is sweet to feel this touch of your gentle love, and I am writing you at once to assure you that your brother James is *very, very well* in every way! . . .

"Yesterday I had a very full day of it among my Liverpool parishioners! They are, as you know, many and varied children of the Great Mother Christ, but Love is the bread and the wine of Life to them all, and if only we can give this then we are feeding these lambs of the Flock. . . .

"I've been over at the Home two days last week and one this week, giving them a hand in the garden, for I love turning over the soil even as you do. And it is aye sweet and fresh and alive, for these too are the bonnie bairnies of the Christ Mother, and it is good to give them just a wee drop of the milk of Holy Love."

Here is a little excerpt from a very long and gladsome letter, dated June 30th. Relative to a certain little matter he writes:

"No, brother, I think I can say that not very much of that former old arrogant self now breathes in this soul. But we will not affect even to rejoice in that. The old chap needs so much killing.

"You will be visiting the . . . Congress this coming month, and you might tell them from me that if I am not with them in *corpore carnis* as I had hoped and almost planned, I am certainly with them in all the realities of my true being of good will and true fellowship. Of course, ———, we are *always at it, for it cannot be otherwise*. And this is the sweetest and best that Love can give to her children, just to assure them that once we *are altogether given* to the work of the Master we are henceforth never released from its holy

Bonds of Life. Aye, to know this is to be in the One deep Peace of God's own.

* * * *

"My sister M——, and cousin A——, are together in our home life just now, so the one serious danger at times seems to be that between them their tender cares can hardly fail to spoil this very, very human soul! Ah, brother, you know about it! Ever your own in heart and love, James."

On July 5th he writes:

"Yesterday was the annual Sports for the children of the Home and it was a great success—certainly in tone and spirit. There was true fellowship. . . . Your *word really gladdens me*. My love is aye wi' ye, ye ken that brawly."

What he would have done without that truly blessed little children's Home I do not know. It has been a real Home from the beginning, with idealistic purpose so beautiful that James fell in love with it straightway.

On September 19th, as with his cousin he was approaching the Home by the field path he loved best, while stooping to fasten his sandals, Brother James suddenly collapsed, falling unconscious. He was carried into the Home, but the doctor who was called in pronounced the life extinct, through heart-failure.

Through the ordering of things my own dear parents had come to reside in Wallasey, not too far from the neighbourhood of the little Home. I quote an extract from a letter from my father touching upon the death of Brother James.

"Our meetings were never pre-arranged, and their infrequency made them almost accidental. Yet he knew our door was open to him whenever he might be passing. I really believe I shall miss this Yuletide his unassuming presence, and still more gentle word. It is now more than

two months since the day of his burial. The whole sky was in tears. A sudden heavier burst so hindered the progress of the bearers that they and I met at the exact spot at which our pathways converged. They had not to pause—I merely had to fall in and follow. It was almost as if James wished and knew of my coming. Beautifully simple were these last offices of love; and wisely peaceful the words spoken. And who lover of Peace and Purity and Sweetness of life more than James? He went into the lap of Demeter a victor."

RICHARD WHITWELL.

Revised April 28th, 1946.

September 19th, 1928.

PROLOGUE

The time of the singing of the Hymn of Praise is at hand.

And now, fellow singers of God's Hymn of Life, I say to you: Rejoice, rejoice with me! The time of the singing of birds has come. Rejoice, rejoice! For I tell you that God alone is, that Life is one, and that the Soul of Life is good.

MAROSA.

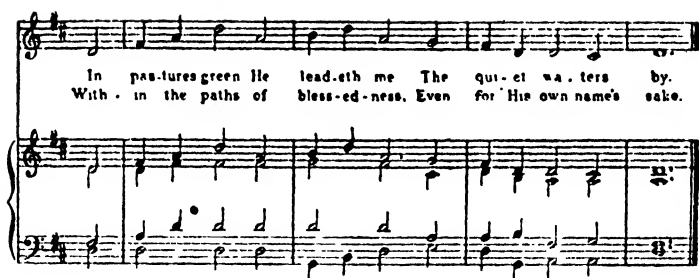
Psalm xxiii.

Music by JAMES L. MACBETH BAIN.

1. The Lord's my shep-herd I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make

In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of bless-ed-ness, Even for His own name's sake.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, The qui-et wa-ters by,
His own name's sake, His own name's sake, Even for His own name's sake,



3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
 Yet will I fear no ill,
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
 I'll fear no ill,
 I'll fear no ill,
 Yet will I fear no ill,
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
 It overflows,
 It overflows,
 And my cup overflows,
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my days
 Will surely follow me;
 And in my Father's heart always
 My dwelling place shall be.
 My dwelling place,
 My dwelling place,
 My dwelling place shall be,
 And in my heart for ever more
 Thy dwelling place shall be.

THE BOOK OF BROTHER JAMES

BREAK OF DAY

I

THOU, sweet Christ-angel, hast breathed into my soul the breath of the divine life, and thou hast descended into my sad estate and led me forth into the way of blessedness. Thou pourest through my inner frame the pure fire of thy celestial energy, and my outer frame is strengthened and quickened thereby.

II

I went to meet thee, and I found thee waiting to bless me. Thou didst lay thy sacred hand on my head, and over my brain a gentle ripple passed. I knew not what it was, but I knew that I was in the hands of love; and soon I felt that the cloud of weariness and sorrow was being lifted off my head. Weak in spirit as I was, I realised the unutterable blessedness of thy loving ministration. And from my brain thy holy life-stream passed through my frame and through every nerve of my body I felt the current flowing like sweet, celestial fire. Every nerve was thrilled with life, and the new-born soul within me sang for the abundant joy.

III

Great was the strength of spirit given unto me, and every one I touched in the desire to bless received in their degree of my blessed life-stream. Ah! sweetest service, to be allowed to minister to the dear, suffering bodies of these children; to be permitted to bear the cup of life to a fainting spirit!

IV

Come, therefore, that I may tell of His Love. I would declare unto all the poor that Love is the Soul of the Universe; that Love thinketh on them and careth for them; that Love is the Eye that seeth their past and future even now; and, behold, out of darkness cometh light, and out of mourning, songs of joy.

V

Out of the deep darkness cometh the holy light, and it shineth on our path, a sure, a strong light; and it showeth us the way wherein to go. Soon as we desire thee, lo! thou art there; and soon as our house is ready, lo! the guest, the well-beloved guest, is with us.

VI

Our highest good is to deny ourselves, and in the simplest way of living is our true luxury.

VII

Give, give, ever give; for if thou, my child, withholdest what is in thy hand, behold how soon it passeth away, or, waxing old, is taken from thee by decay! But if thou givest while yet it is quick in the warmth of thy spirit, lo, it is a good laid up for thee in the soul whom thou dost bless. While, therefore, the gift is in thy hands and the love in thy heart, give freely, give largely; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

VIII

Nothing that we do or think is entirely of ourselves, no more than it can be entirely for ourselves. Such is the law of the Universe. We are ever acting upon others, and we are ever being acted upon by others.

Jacob's ladder still reaches from earth to heaven and every rung of that ladder is a holy influence that lifts the soul one step higher.

It is only when the soul is principled in the love of God and man that it is capable of receiving any good thing. But when that blessed love is perfected in us, and the holy child is born within us, the inflow of divine or celestial thought is unfailing. For, if the Body of Christ is formed in us, then do we dwell in the Heaven of Love; and in the very inbreathing of that air is the inspiration of the One.

IX

Truly it is good for us to realise that at the end of our journey through this shadow-land of trial and many sorrows, there remaineth, for all who would enter in, a new country of blessedness, from whose face the beauty, the peace, and the gladness never pass away, where "the red rose of Sharon unfolds her fragrant bloom." And that rose is the substance, of which our earthly one, howsoever fair it be, is only the shadow.

THE OPENING OF THE GATES

X

FATHER, Father, Fount of Light, shine upon the saddest night
Thy paternal eye hath seen. Father, Father, hear a child
calling through the darkness wild. Hear, O, hear my lonely
cry, "Father, wilt Thou pass me by?"

Whither, whither shall I flee from these thoughts of
mystery? Men walk around me, but they are not men; they
are ghosts, and I am in a dream.

Troubled one, lay down thy burden; He is able, thou art
not, to endure the load thou bearest.

XI

Where, O spirit, where is thy path of wandering? "Whither
are we borne away, wearied spirit, wilt thou say?" "Whither
am I borne away?" Ah! I cannot say; it is the mighty tem-
pest's game, it is his play. But a distant voice I hear, now
it singeth in mine ear: "From the brooding of the night cometh
forth the purest light, and the wildness of the storm beareth
music sweet and warm."

XII

As I onward go, a pure light pervadeth me with the glow
of a gentle warmth: through and through it passeth, like the
rain, softly o'er the budding trees; gentle is its moving
warmth of soul as the ever-rounding breeze that doth softly
move, songful with the breath of love, permeating all, from
pole to pole.

Sweet and blessed stream of love, O sweet fire! to be in
Thee and to be thine, I now aspire.

Where I am, why need I know? Light and warmth and joy do flow around me. Breathing, breathing, I am fed by a spiritual bread: this I truly know, this I have found.

XIII

Come, living breath of the Eternal One; thou breeze of love, come quicken with thy life my soul!

O Thou mover of the universe, thou Spirit dwelling round and clothing all, whose breath of warmth brings forth around my path those tender opening things full fraught with life, giving to every leaf a tongue divine, to every flower an eye reflecting Thee.

O Thou fair Light of morning wing,
Thou Light of an eternal spring,
Thou holy Light of youthful breath,
Never declining unto death;
A youthfulness unborn is Thine,
Thou holy Light, Thou Light divine.
Unknown by years Thou ever art,
With time Thy ways do not depart,
For Thou art the eternal one,
Thou never born, Thou living sun.
Thou art round all, and all in Thee,
Thou one, all-bounding deity.

With Thee alone is no Beyond,
In Thee no Far-away is found;
All things in Thee, and Thou in all,
Combin'st in one, things great and small,
In Thee alone the form is found,
—Close binding all, yet all unbound.

XIV

From the fulness of thy bosom, from the fount of joy and goodness, come all beauty, come all sweetness of the native life of man.

From thy soul, O Thou Eternal! from the well of mirth and gladness, come all pleasure, come all joying of the native life of man.

From thy movement, kindly spirit, from thy wing of shade and sunshine, come all youthful joy and freshness, gladdening life-weary man.

From thy kindred breath immortal, from thy breathing warm and gentle, come all holy, come all tender feelings in the breast of man.

Mighty Soul of the Eternal,
Thou one fountain infinite,
Where the limit of thy dwelling?
Nowhere, nowhere found!
Where the centre of thy welling?
Even all around!

Mighty Soul of the Eternal,
Thou one fountain infinite,
Where the ending of thy presence?
Nowhere, nowhere found!
Where the working of thine essence?
Even all around!

XV

Onward, onward, mighty Spirit! Onward, onward is thy course; onward in the mind of nations, in the spirit of the peoples, from the lower to the higher, from the gross, material, to the pure, the spiritual, Thou art moving silently.

Onward, onward, mighty Spirit! Onward, onward is the course of thine ever-working power, as it ever recreateth mind and body, soul and matter, by the gift of life in dying; from the earthy to the finer living forms man nourishing, from the weaker to the stronger, from the feebler to the fuller flow of life to Thee returning, by a way unknowable, in a path for ever rounding; Thou art moving silently.

XVI

There dwells a spirit on the earth, a spirit that has ever dwelt, and evermore will dwell with man. There is a power that lightens life, a power that worketh wondrously, that turneth toil into a joy, bringing mirth to every heart, and gladness out of every deed.

Yield all thine own, then thou wilt find that thou hast left all woe behind, that evil fleeth from thy path where'er thou walkest on the earth; that thou dost bring to every soul in whom thou livest, faith and love, and all the beauteous things of life; that thou dost live in many lives, that many spirits ever find the well-springs of their life in thee. And thou wilt know the joys of life, and thou wilt drink from the fount of Love. And when thou drinkest to the full, and when thy soul is one and pure, the fruit of Love is formed in thee, offspring of life that never dies. And it is life, thine highest good, to be but this and nothing more, the channel only of the stream that beareth blessing unto man.

XVII

We Thee adore, thou brain magnetiser, thou heart energiser, thou spirit baptiser, we bless evermore!

And thou wilt ever on us shine, and through our lives thy love will be the opening of the gates, and we will sing thy beauty as before.

No ray of light, no sun of warmth, no holy, human, kindly face, no melody of joyous strain hath cheered the spirit of the race, apart from Thee! Thou art the eye of him who sees, the ear of him who hears aright; thou art the hand of him who frees his brother from the bonds of night.

Hail, fount of life and warmth! Thou art to man the fount of joyous life, for by thy force thou art the all-awakener, and of all that breathe upon the earth thou art the one restorer, recreator, nourisher.

XVIII

Ah! only dare to do the right,
And only fear to do the wrong;
Believe me, all your way is light,
Believe me, all your day is song.

Only by Love is manhood young,
Only by Love is manhood pure,
Only by Love is manhood strong,
The right to do, and to endure.

Only by Love is manhood man,
Only by Love may manhood be,
Only by Love his spirit can
From self and sin be pure and free.

XIX

It is the hour when man, and beast, and bird yield to the charm of sleep; but oh, thy breath, thy fragrant dewy breath I scent, and over my spirit steals thy deep, thy mighty calm, and through my frame thy cool, refreshing wave doth pass, and deep I draw of thine inspiring force, and find I am awake while other men do sleep, and I must go without, and I must walk with thee among the passes of the hills.

Wave of the stream divine! soft, gentle wave, I feel thee now pass o'er me, and thy tide of mellow light and gentle warmth doth breathe the force of life celestial through my frame. And I am bathed and bathed again in thee; through every vein thy substance pure doth pass, and every member feels the force divine renew its energy.

XX

O fair and holy form, body divine; union and force of all the elements! fair mother of us all, we joy to be of thine immortal substance very part! For ah! to look upon thy

perfect form, thy members' subtle mould, to feel the grace, the holy grace of their one symmetry; to look within, to see beneath the film of tender shade the streams of gentle life pass through thy sacred body is to see, to feel, and taste the beauty absolute.

XXI

Light, warmth, and force, transparency of thought and purity of feeling, and divine simplicity of judgment, and the rest from toil of reasoning, and all the bliss the peace of health can waken in the soul, pervade the mind and flesh of him who yields his substance to the passage of the rays of the one purifier, lightener, the all-beholding, all-revealing sun.

XXII

Mighty Godhead dwelling round us,
Thou art one and Thou dost bound us;
We are e'en living in Thee,
Breathing in Thee, moving in Thee,
Thou one soul of majesty.

All-contained and all-container,
Thou art one and all is in Thee,
Self-sustained and all-sustainer,
Self-constrained and all-constrainer:
Thou Outgoer, Thou Upholder,
Thou Returner, Thou Unfolder,
All Thy paths are mystery!

Sing, ye children of the Dayspring,
Light is flooding more and more;
Light eternal, light increasing,
Floodeth all creation o'er.

THE GARDEN OF HEALING

XXIII

THERE is a garden of the Spirit wherein the plants and the herbs, the trees and the fruit, the winds and the waters and the music of their running, the flowers and their perfume, ay, every breath we breathe, is for our blessing. The garden is in you and me if we can only find it. It is well worth looking for, and when found it is well worth tilling and caring for, because it bears its flowers and its fruits in all seasons, and these are for the healing of the soul and body of man and beast.

In this garden let us walk together for a little while.

XXIV

If we are to receive of any spiritual good we must not only be in the will of the taker, but we must also be in the will of the giver. To give even as we receive, and so cause to circulate, is a very necessity of health. If we receive of the good of the spiritual world, it is only that we may pass it on to another. But if we seek to keep it for ourselves we shall find our experience to be that of the greedy Jew, who thinking that he had better hoard a pot of manna for the morrow found that even this manna, this angel's food, bred worms, stank, and became a nuisance.

XXV

The whole (universal) body in all its members is continually, and of a very necessity of its existence, mediating of life unto its manifold parts. Thus the mineral body, through the action

of the wondrous chemistry of Nature, communicates of the elements of life unto the plant or vegetable body, and gives of its very substance in so doing. And the plant or vegetable body of God, by the same fine process, communicates of the elements of life unto the animal body of God, and in so doing gives freely of its very substance.

XXVI

As it is from the lower or less complex to the higher or more complex in the physical degree, so it is from the higher to the lower in the spiritual degree. The body of God in these degrees is a veritable Jacob's ladder, which the angels of God ascend and descend in continuous service. And the blessed work of the most highly evolved spirits among men is to give of God or Life unto those less evolved, and in doing this they only fulfil the will of the Christ in them. For the Christ is the universal spirit for us men and women which functions in the body of our love, and is ever mediating of spiritual and physical health.

XXVII

We cannot live and not mediate something, whether it be good or bad, or sweet or bitter, or health or disease. To mediate is simply to fulfil our function. Altruism is in the very soul of Nature, and in the very being of all things. The real and far-reaching good which I foresee this healing movement will give is just this: that it will help us to realise more vividly and more fully, and in a very sweet way, that we all belong to one another, and that it is as truly my work to care for the body and physical good of my neighbour as to care for my own body.

If we see truly and well, we shall be as careful that our dealings with a dog or horse or cat be as honest, kindly and good in their intent as towards those our most dearly loved human friends.

XXVIII

The physical, magnetic, and psychic healer is a physical, magnetic, and psychic organism for the transmutation of the elements of these kingdoms into the healing energy pertaining to them, and which operate in them respectively. And the purely spiritual healer is also an organism for the generating, storing and transmitting of the essential good that alone can heal the soul. They who have thus generated in them the perfect medicine, the Christ (or Master) potency, the Elixir of Life, can shed it upon the baser elements of the animal soul, and so can transmute even this vile stuff into the pure gold of the spiritual affections. They possess the philosopher's stone of transmutation. For even as in the mineral kingdom the elements are essentially one, i.e. of the same stuff, and only take their mineral form according to the combination of the elements, so it is in the human soul and body. The law in all realms is one.

XXIX

No one, however antagonistic to spiritual doctrine, can discredit or ignore such a sweet and disinterested service to man; for one deed of healing is worth more than any number of fine-sounding words. And what finer work can there be than to heal the delicate and beautiful organism of the human body, which is indeed the very dwelling place of the Holy Spirit.

And it is a fact that one cannot bless the body without at the same time blessing the soul, and *vice versa*. For soul and body are the whole man in manifestation, even as spirit and matter are the whole of being.

And so it is that to the Healing Brotherhood belong all true lovers, for all true lovers are moved by the will to bless, and all who will to bless are healers. Indeed, there can be no healing without love. To be rich in love is the first requisite of the healing quality.

XXX

This healing is by the Spirit and not of the Spirit. For the Spirit is the Holy One who cannot be touched by disease. It is God in us, the undying, the immaculate, the untarnishable, the unchangeable, the all-powerful, and it alone heals the soul or the body.

XXXI

As soon as the diseased one realises the holy love that offers itself unto it, a new life is imparted to it. This new life becomes at once an active force towards the dispelling of the clouds of gloom and the throwing off of many of the symptoms of spiritual ill.

XXXII

To all who give themselves to the study of the spiritual in all its manifestations, it is most important to carefully distinguish between the psychical and the spiritual. For want of this knowledge very grave disorders, both in thought and deed, often arise. The psychical is as a fine flower or ethereal outgoing of the physical, and out of its soil grows the finer flower of the spiritual mind. It is the arena of influences, the realm of memories and emotions of a high and low degree.

The soul is the live body of the affections and desires, and the very stuff of the psychic form is in quality according to these affections. In one there is health, in another disease; in one there is light, in another darkness; in one there is the rare ether of the purely ideal, in another there is the density, opaqueness, or unclean colouring of the earthly mind; and we are attracted towards or repelled from one another according to these qualities.

XXXIII

The soul is a unity of faculties, and real healing must begin with the soul. Her body of affections is the vehicle of thought and feeling, and the quality of the soul actually conditions the working of the One Spirit of Life as it manifests through

it in our life, even as the colour of a glass conditions the manifestation of the one pure light. The light in itself cannot be coloured, but its appearance in the room is according to the colour of the glass, and it affects all eyes accordingly.

XXXIV

In a man of pure soul, whose feelings are sweet with love, and whose thoughts are clean from all self-seeking or any unworthiness, the Holy Spirit will work as a power of blessing to his body, and to the body of every man or beast, or bird or plant, or any living creature he touches with his hand or his breath, or influences mentally; and that is so even if he be not robust, or in rude health physically.

XXXV

The first essential to true or permanent healing is that the patient be born again in his soul, be regenerate in his mind, that he cast aside as unworthy of his spiritual nature all unholy thoughts and desires, that he clothe himself daily in a new soul of perfect love for all creatures. Thus will he renew his body.

Otherwise the healing would only be skin-deep, and the disorder assuredly break forth again, probably worse than before. The enlightened healer would therefore refuse to interfere with the working of the law of life, and would not wrong that soul by ridding it of its painful means of purification.

XXXVI

In my work of healing I lay myself utterly open to the will of blessing, and my only conscious exercise then is a holding on to the power of the Great Love. Thus, when my hand is on the patient, my soul is utterly passive, being empty of any other desire or volition or assertion but that the One Great Love should manifest itself in and through the channel of my soul. And so the holy Thing of Life passes unto the soul of

the patient, and through that soul it ultimates in the healing of the diseased body. And thus it is that, by merely opening the soul to receive the Divine influx, you allow the holy Thing to pass through you to another.

The all-important thing for us to know is how we can come unto the hearing ear, i.e. how to become so attuned to the mind of the Spirit, or the will of God, that we shall not fail to respond to the kindred vibrations of the mind, and so hear the word of the Spirit, and how we can come unto the capacity to receive even God into the soul. In the fewest words I shall now seek to point out the way of Life to everyone who would walk in that path as a healer of the soul or of the body.

We should, then, so order our daily lives, even in eating and drinking, as in thinking, speaking and doing, that we shall come, as by a natural process of cause and effect, unto the quiet of the soul, the lull of the passions, the rest of the emotions, the silence of the superficial selfhood, with the utter abandonment of the old, animal, self-assertive self-will, not only in order that the word of the Spirit may be heard by us, but that the Holy One may be able to dwell in us effectively for our own blessing and the blessing of others.

I see in this movement one of the surest and finest ways of leading all who are ready for it into the great unlimited life of the only Love.

XXXVII

I know that the best way of disintegrating the old shell, the animal, or Adamic soul in you, is to inspire you with a zeal for the blessing of others, and, if I can only get you to become enthused of the healing of others, I know I have put you in the way of the true life of the Spirit, the only life that can satisfy you. And, most momentous of all, you will thus be making ready the way of the Lord for the coming of the ideal humanity, for then indeed the goods of life will be held in common. This is the necessary outcome. "Neither said any-

one that aught of the things he possessed were his own"—
Acts iv, 32.

XXXVIII

The ideal of life is that we be in our very nature of such a kind that we cannot but bless. And in seeking to attain to this ideal we must, as far as it is possible, send forth thoughts of health for those with whom we are in personal touch or mental rapport. We must ever desire that they realise all good, that they come unto the perfect state of life, wherein there is no more fear nor anxiety for the future either of ourselves or of anyone, but abundant peace and sweet calm, having realised that the Eternal One is the Home from which they can never, under any circumstances, be cast forth, and that in the Home the comforting Spirit will be their age-long Companion.

LET US GIVE PRAISE

XXXIX

LET us sing of the Day whose dawning is drawing nigh. Let us hail the coming of the kingdom of righteousness among men. Let us rejoice to feel the early breath of the morning as it is borne on the wings of the breezes from the cloud-capt hill of God.

Mighty ships, bearers of good to the ends of the earth, servants of mankind, speed ye on your way of blessing. Ye pass silently, but I know who ye are, for your light shines clearly on the dark waters.

Subtle is the mystery of thy life, O man; unknowable is the complexity of thy nature; who can follow the weaving of thy myriad tissues? Out of the ancient night, out of an ancestry descending deeper than the crawling worm, hast thou drawn thy composite heredity; and these threads innumerable all centre in thy heart and brain. Thou art the outgrowing of uncounted forces; in thee is the incoming of the qualities of a numberless parentage. Wonder then is there that thou art an insoluble mystery to thyself?

XL

O man, I look into thy soul, and I see there infinite possibilities; I see signs and I find tokens of the Universal Good. Yea, oft-times I behold the likeness of God shining on thy face, and with joy of recognition I exclaim: "Emmanuel!"

O animal! O man! whom do I behold now? Where art thou, the divine? Where I seek for thee often I find thee not, and where I look not for thee, there oft-times dost thou greet me with a joyous surprise.

XLI

O brute soul! O divine soul! how may the chaos of thine conflicting essences pass into the sweetness of harmony, how may the disorder of thy varying wills come unto the will of good? How may thy rich soil be cultivated, so that it may no more have the power to bear poisonous weeds, but only fruits of blessing? Book of suffering, pages wet with the tears and dyed with the blood of the ages, story of the agony of God and of the labouring passions of the human! O soul of man! arena of strife! Peace cometh yet unto thee. In the evening the battle will cease, for the Holy One will have overcome the powers of the lower kingdom. Thou must cease to be a power in thyself; thou must cease from thine own will to live, and in full surrender of thy whole power, thou must take unto thee the mind of the new-born. O silence of self, in thee is found the ground-bed of the soul; in thee we find God. For the voices of clamour have ceased, and in the stillness we can hear the pure voice of the Deep.

XLII

O Spirit of God, out of the highest hast thou descended, out of the innermost hast thou issued unto the body of flesh prepared for thee. Soon as the guest-chamber was ready to receive the heavenly guest, so soon didst thou find thyself coming unto thy human abode.

XLIII

Unto the soul of man now speaketh silently the inner new-born, and it says: Not to destroy thee do I come, but to save thee. Yea, I will lead thee as a mother leads her little child. In me thou art all whole, and nothing of thy true nature is awanting. Never can the soul that hath known the joys of my communion depart from the delights of the Holy Love. Behold now, O my garden of delight, how fair thou art in thy flowers, how fragrant in thy sweet-smelling plants, how healthful in thy herbs of healing virtue! How rich and generous art thou in thy abundant fruit-bearing. Thou art a never-failing source of blessing to the needy who come unto thee

for the sweet fragrance of good cheer, for the healing of the mind, for the good of the soul.

XLIV

Blessed to thee, blessed to all is the cross of thine upliftment, yea, thou hast good reason to love thy cross with a great love.

And many will come to thee oppressed with their infirmities, and they will find in thee the tree of healing. And yielding unto them of the leaves thou wilt give to them healing, and the joy of God will be in thee when thou seest their health.

XLV

Thou hast made me to understand that only through abundant suffering may the child of earth become the child of heaven, that only by the way of the cross may we be made fit to enter the joy of thy life, the ever-blessed, the lovely.

O Cross, thou bringest all unto the oneness of life; by thy uplifting do we come unto God. Out of the earth-soil thou bringest forth passion, and out of the passion thou bringest forth knowledge, and knowledge groweth unto the Spirit.

XLVI

How can the feeble voice of any human soul utter the word of Love, the infinite?

One Soul there is, one Soul alone; one thing that hath immortal substance, one sole power that can produce reality. One Soul there is in all the universe that hath a very being, that can say, in truth's simplicity, "I am," "I live." This is the soul of Love. And we are only virtuous and good, and children of the lovely life of God, as we are moved by her, as we are led by her fair wisdom in the joyous path of healthful wisdom, fragrant, ever young. There is no ill so deeply rooted in the heart of man she cannot touch, and lo! as from a point of flame the grievous thing is gone, and while she bides returneth not. For as the ice before the breath of spring passes away, so do the shades of night vanish before the beauty of her face.

XLVII

Love seeks not, asks not anything for self; the selfless one desires not even your love; she gives herself to you only that you may know the joy, the blessedness, the warmth, the fulness of her life.

There is no end unto the Selfless Love; there is no limit to the Love Divine. So long as life runneth her course throughout our conscious soul, so long will Love endure, so long will Love, the one, the pure, remain.

XLVIII

Thou art my only healer, Thou alone canst me deliver from the burning stuff that dwelleth in my veins; Thou, Thou alone canst change the very substance of my soul.

XLIX

O, sweet the evening breeze that blows from yonder hill of mossy braes, and sweet the song that freshly flows in Fender's rill a-down always. But sweet, sweeter far the morning breeze that blows from God's own holy Mount, and sweet, sweeter far the song that breathes from Love's own never-failing Fount.

L

O, fairer than the fairest scene, O, higher than the highest joy, O, sweeter than the sweetest sound, is Love the great for ever here. O, deeper than the deepest woe, O, surer than the surest truth, O, stronger than the strongest foe, is Love the great abiding near.

LI

O, sweetest sleep I've ever known,
O, breathing of the holiest Dawn.
O, I can breathe as ne'er before,
And through my soul soft raptures pour:
O, I have waked in Heaven's new air,
Sweet Love is breathing everywhere.

THE SONG OF THE CROSS

LII

THE cross is, we all know, the emblem of suffering as a purifier, and in this signification I find the only sound doctrine of the *raison d'être* of evil, the only interpretation of the mystery of woe, the only philosophy of our human existence, the only satisfying theory of the otherwise perplexing principles we see working in forces both around and within us.

As man is at present conditioned, he must suffer in his upward course.

Yea, we must drink the cup of sorrow deep

Ere we can comfort any in distress,

For from the heart bruised by a thousand ills the tears of sympathy alone can flow.

LIII

The Love-soul or Christ-child in man (and in every human this seed lies, however deeply hidden and asleep it may be) in coming to birth and in struggling for existence against the carnal or self-loving soul, must be continually shedding its pure, celestial blood in its conflict with the powers of the lower nature. For in the unceasing exercise of the selfless love of the Christ there is actually the giving up of its gentle soul for the good of the many. This is the age-long cross-bearing of the Son of God, the daily sacrifice of the self in Christ, and it must endure until the divine ideal has been attained to in the whole humanity.

LIV

By the life of loving service let us build up this spiritual frame; by the continuous exercise of its holy functions let us so develop its faculties that unto us the unclothing of the flesh will only be as the throwing aside of a worn-out garment.

Let us by this life of love so live in the spirit now that the awakening will be to us only an experience of great comfort, exhilaration, blessedness, the sweet and desirable sensation of going into the happy use of a new, a beautiful home.

LV

Death changes not the personality, it rather intensifies it. For the spirit is now naked to its own and other sight, and while it reveals itself to itself, either for approbation or pleasure, or for condemnation and sorrow, it intensifies its mode of being. We will be there even as we are here. Our love then will be of a kind with our love now. Only will it be stronger for our blessedness if it is a holy love, or for our suffering if it is not a holy love.

Even as love is the one great attracting power of the universe, so every soul will follow her love. Every one will go to his own kind, to his own place.

LVII

While in these doctrines of a higher illumination there is more hope and cheer given to the most undeveloped soul than in the corresponding doctrines of the past, nothing is lessened in our conception of the solemnity of the spiritual outlook. And we can say in truth: "Knowing the powers of wrath we must seek to persuade men now to make peace with them." And that this be done there must be both a cleansing and a transmuting. For the wrath quality is hid in the very substance of the unregenerate soul, just as the quality to burn is latent in wood.

LVIII

It is only love that can so transmute our quality that the acrid, fermenting soul humours pass into the state of sweetness, harmony and purity of life. And if love works not this magical transformation here, it must do so hereafter. We can truthfully say, "Make all good use of the means of purification and regeneration while it is to-day, not by the fulfilling of priest-devised formalities, but by a life of the utterly unselfish labour of love. Behold, now is the day of salvation."

LVIII

What is known as hell-fire is only the wholesome working of the sin-consuming love of God. No one enlightened of the Holy Spirit now believes that it is a punitive fire or an everlasting burning. That it is a fire of cleansing and that it will cease when the base quality has been consumed away, is the Catholic doctrine of the spiritual mind of to-day. Love and only love works in all this cleansing and sifting, even love that wills to redeem from evil.

O, sweet consuming of the love of God, waters of cleansing, waves of washing, shall we not embrace ye?

LIX

Little one, know that you are needful; for the heavenly home would not be perfect without you. Know that you are precious to the Soul of life, even as you are of that one holy substance mystically known as "the Body of the Lord." You cannot perish, no hair of your head will be consumed of the purifying flame.

LX

Little child, lovest thou, and trustest thou in love? Then know assuredly that thou hast nought of evil, but all of good to expect. Yea, if thou wouldst honour thy Father aright, thou wouldst look forward to the very best thy soul can devise. Thou canst not expect too much of the One who is love.

Little child, whosoever you be, know that there is nothing of evil for you to fear, but all of good to expect in the great unseen.

LXI

O Sun of love, Thou who shinest in every soul, howsoever feebly it may be, shine Thou within us so fully that we may be suns after Thine own likeness, realising Thine issue in our mind, sending forth Thy light and warmth, radiating Thy joy and comfort, pouring forth, through our sunhood, Thy stream of never-failing life unto all on whom we shine.

THIS IS MY BODY

LXII

WHEN we realise that all that is manifest to our senses, as well as all that is not thus manifest, is the body of God, we are filled with love and reverence for all creation. It is the forth-showing of the creative mind, the manifesting of the sustaining will. It is this creating One in you and in me that shapes us according to Its will; shapes not only our mode of action, but even our body, expressing Itself in our face.

LXIII

When we eat of the food that nourishes the flesh, if we do so intelligently, we shall realise that we are, in this bread of earth-fruit, actually breaking and absorbing into our body of the substance of God. We shall eat with reverence and love for the creating Spirit, who thus brings forth into our sphere of life what is needed for the support of our frame. We shall eat with thankfulness and above all with a solemn joy, knowing that this is indeed the body of the Lord of Life, given freely unto us; and we shall break our bread in the Name of the Creator and in the love of the Creation. Every meal that we partake of will thus be sacramental. It is the breaking of the bread of unity. It is the discerning and recognising of the body of God as the vehicle of love.

LXIV

It is undoubtedly a fact that to eat in the spirit of love and reverence, in the realisation of the divinity of the substance and the sacredness of the function, is more conducive to the full reception of the benefit for the body as well as

for the soul, than to devour our food. For the forming, creating, upbuilding power of the Spirit is thus consciously brought into exercise, and it does its vitalising work. Nothing, then, we claim, is more beautiful, more sane, more truly human, according to the high ideal, more fraught with good to the body and soul of man, than to eat food in love and reverence, as the body of God broken for, and given freely unto us for our blessing.

LXV

To realise that the whole creation is but a manifestation of God is to give us a very sweet motive for the service of all in the spirit of love and reverence. To serve an animal, even of the lowest form of creation, may be as truly a work of love and reverence as to serve the most enlightened human mind.

LXVI

The Church of Christ on earth is a hidden, invisible, a mystic thing; a union of loving hearts who break the bread of life together in brotherly love. Its only ceremonial is the service of love to all creatures. Wherever pure love dwells in a human soul, there is the Christ of men, and that soul, whether it be Agnostic or Calvinist, Baptist or Buddhist, belongs to the holy catholic Church of Christ, whose members are of all peoples under the sun and of all communities in the many heavens of the Lord of Life.

LXVII

All we do must be done out of pure love, and out of the desire to bless another.

Are we seeking only to bless, to give life, to heal a body or to redeem a soul from disease? Is our love the selfless love? Is it born of a pure and disinterested will to serve the brother in need, to save the sister in distress? Is it the child begotten of a clean heart and a spirit absolutely right in the sight of God? Is it utterly unalloyed? Has it no blending of the earth-passion in it?

If the fruit is beautiful, desirable, sweet and health-giving to the human soul, it is of God.

With the doing of the Will in the unselfish deed there comes, as a sure result, a certain wholeness and glad content to the heart, and peace to the soul. Love seeks nothing for herself, not even heaven. The soul of Love is never satisfied with its service. It never says, "Now I have done enough; I can afford to rest in peace awhile." It must work while the power and opportunity are given to it.

Even as the harmony of the One Will is of a never-ceasing activity of outpouring life, so the harmony of the soul must, and can only, be maintained by the unceasing activity of the will to bless.

LXVIII

Has the will to bless made itself known in you, even though it be only to a feeble degree? Then you have already realised to that extent that you are a spiritual being. And as there can be no standing still, no sleep of death in the spirit, so, in order that the peace of God may ever abide in you, you must always allow this will of God in you to do the work of God; you must continually yield to its holy impulse; you must work the work of Love while it is day, serving so long as the hand can move, so long as the mind can plan.

To the servant of God the doing of duty is the *summum bonum* of life. Any thought of personal advantage accruing therefrom cannot arise in his soul. He obeys the voice within as the law or word of God in his enlightened mind, and he leaves the fruit of his work to appear as God wills.

ACCORDING TO THY NEED

LXIX

As often as you eat of this bread and drink of this water, think of Me, and give to Me, O my child, the blessing of your heart.

LXX

Many are the foods of the bodies, and to every body its own food. And all our bodies must be fed at the right time, and in due season, if we are to be well through and through. And the foods of the affectional body are in holy love. Love is holy; in holy love is God given freely and fully. In the sharing of the bread of Life is life. In fellowship or holy mateship is the great spiritual communion and the all beauty of the mystery thereof. And without it there is no eucharistic oblation unto God, the God of Life.

LXXI

To be able to be still, to be able to be quiet, to be able to allow God to work in us the will of Life, to be able to let go the threads of anxiety, to be able to unloose the moorings that bind us to the land of dread and fear and shadow; therein is found the secret of life, even in the power as in the will to be in the great quiet of the Law of Life. But we must pay the last farthing to the holy law of equilibrium before we can receive the peace of God for body, soul and mind.

LXXII

There are times, when, having had too much of one kind of food, we need a change of diet, and it follows that this is

equally so in the spiritual, mental and psychical as in the physical degrees of our being. All these foods, spiritual, mental and physical, will work their good in us according to the service of the complementary elements.

All sounds are thus, also, complementary in Nature. And to live well and fully we should allow them all to feed us as much as we can. For they all have a good to give us, if only we can hear in them even one note of the 'Divine Harmony in whom is the Holy Word of Life. The sound of the waves of the sea is complementary to the sounds of the forest, the sound of the hammer to the song of the birds. The sounds of the city are complementary to those of the country, and the hum of this great civic life is undoubtedly a good change from the still quiet of the country. In the alternate and discreet use of these sounds is a very serious cure for many nerval disorders, which they who can use wisely will surely prove to be of an abiding good. In God all is good. And the voice of God is as truly heard in the city as in the country, in the sound of the human voice and the human foot adown the busy thoroughfares of our towns, just as truly as in the glad shout of the waterfall or the soothing plaint of the ageless ocean. In the truth or wholeness of Life is the goodness of God.

LXXIII

The principle of Life is in truth and justice. It is in absolute rightness. The higher we arise, the more clear its call to be true to it. And if we are to be true to it within and without, we must give to every soul her due. We must not deny on any occasion the word and work of holy Love in the soul. For we do owe the debts of Love to one another, and our very health depends on our paying up fully.

"Behold I make all things new," saith the Holy One. "And high as the heaven is above the earth, so high are My thoughts above your thoughts, and the ways of My justice above the ways of your justice, O little children of this earth. Look unto Me and be ye healed of your iniquities, for am I not

the great Lover? Is not My life truly poured forth for the nourishing of all creatures? Receive ye of My power; be ye partakers of My strength; eat ye all of the bread of My Love; drink ye all of the wine of My Joy."

LXXIV

So long as the mind is entirely of and asleep in the animal nature, it gets along comfortably enough in its own small way by fulfilling the law of its self-preserving instincts. But when this new thing once begins to work in it, even the leaven of the greater Love, an unrest arises, and there is no peace for it till it has entirely got rid of the dominion of the old law, and has given itself utterly to the power and will of this new thing—even the Great, the Holy Love.

The doctrine of the service of the body of Love is the great, holy doctrine of the Cross and our redemption thereby. It is the Word of Life, and is the very word that so many of our best men and women are to-day pining in flesh and failing in soul for want of. It shall be spoken in these days in its fulness. But my word is for all who can hear, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make ready your hearts for the coming of the Great Love, the Holy Bridegroom, the King of your soul. Behold He cometh." For that we have come to the end of the present social dispensation and all that, in our personal relationships towards one another, pertains thereto, is a fact than which none is more clear. We are now in the lees of the vastation of that period of our great social labour and distress. The New Day is at hand. And all who have eyes of seeing can see the Dawn of the New Day.

LXXV

Love is holy, love is life-giving, love is God. Give love, and you will receive God. Give life, and Life will surely flow freely towards you.

But this holy Love cannot allow itself to be absorbed into one soul. It is faithful and whole and sweet in its health as

the very essence of God, and there is no taint of infatuation in its breath. It is ever ready to give itself freely to everyone it can bless.

Have you, dear reader, come into this Kingdom of the Higher Life? Are you now worthy of this goodly fellowship? Are you ready for the wedding garment? Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Are you going forth to meet Him?

LXXVI

I can assure you that when you have come unto this estate of the heavenly or celestial Love, you will find that your earthly body is nourished well by very little of the material elements. The economy of your finer nerve-body becomes so exquisitely fine that you find in these elements much more for the use of your flesh than formerly. More of their good is absorbed, and there is less waste. And, moreover, you are now where you are assuredly nourished by ethereal or spiritual essences. And surely this counts for something in your feeding. Ay, for those who know it counts for much.

Blessed are they who have come to this estate, who have overcome the power of the lower worlds, for, saith the Christ of the Ages, "I own them as my own children. Blessed are they who love My body and serve her in her sore needs. I give My best to those who give their best for the service of My needy ones. I lavish My sweetest Love on those hearts who shed the strength of their life for the refreshing of My little ones. Behold in them the Lamb of God who ceases not to give His life for the bearing away of the sin of this world."

BREATHS OF THE GREAT LOVE

LXXVII

O LOVE, one Love, unutterable Love, O Soul of Life, how may I sing thy ways?

O Peace of God, thou holy, quiet peace; O Calm, unfathomable, still, profound; O Deep of God, thy comforts never cease, thy silent blessedness no heart can sound.

O Light of God, undying, never-born, no dawn is thine, no setting hath thy ray; thy coming is the music of the morn, thy dwelling is the glory of the day.

LXXVIII

O Love, Thou pure and blessed, O Christ, Thou sinless child, Thou canst not dwell within me yet, self-loving and defiled. O, wash me in the waters of the great Love divine; O, cleanse me and dwell in me now, and make my body thine. Then passed there through my body sweet fire as passeth rain through the hot air of the city, O pain! delicious pain! It trembled far within me, and far within I felt that the great Love, the blessed, even in my heart now dwelt. And the spell of gloom was broken, and a great and holy peace was Love's most blessed token of the gift of my release.

LXXIX

O Love, thy mighty flowing hath washed all my fears away; gone are they as the shadows go with the light of day. Not by the blood of Jesus, nor the virtue of anything done, is the soul saved from its evil, but by Love, and Love alone. O, let the strong devotion of all loving sacrifice resolve thee with

emotion to go and do likewise. Then to thee the ancient story of Jesus and his death will shine with a new-found glory will breathe an undying breath.

No bare name art thou to me, nor only a beautiful word; thy very eye hath looked through me, thy very voice have I heard. O Love, now I have seen thee and looked into thine eyes, pride never again will screen me from the joy of Paradise. O Love, now that I know thee even as by thee I am known, my whole will I give to thee, behold me all thine own. O Love, thou one, thou holy, my life I owe to thee, for thou art recreating my flesh and my energy. Into my soul disordered thou hast borne abundant health; into my paupered dwelling thou hast come with all thy wealth. And I am recreated, and I am born again, born of thy gentle brooding, re-born in breath and in brain. O tears of a warm emotion, flow, ever flow, I pray; ye are tears of a pure devotion, and ye wash all my death away.

LXXX

O Christ, thou holy Spirit, thy voice speaks unto me, and thus I hear it saying to me continually: "O, do you love me truly, and do you love me well, and would you serve me fully, and in my body dwell? Behold my nearest kindred in the poorest men ye meet; behold my nearest substance, behold my hands and my feet. Behold my little children in the feeblest of my kind, yea, though their mind be deafness, yea, though their soul be blind; yea, though their heart be hardness, yea, though in death they sleep; yet am I their own shepherd, and they are all my sheep." O tears of a warm emotion, flow ever flow, I pray; ye are tears of a strong compassion, and ye wash all my death away.

LXXXI

O Christ, thou holy Spirit, I hear thee speak within, and thou sayest, "All the creatures around you are my kin. And would you love my body, and would you bless me? Then love the flower, the beast and the bird, even as you love all

men. For they are all my members—the stone, the fish and the tree, and if you love them always, you always do love me.”

O Love, thou art now my mother, my father, my children, my wife, my neighbour, my sister, my brother, yea, the innermost kin of my life. O Love, thou art the illumer of the eye who seeth aright, and the deeps of our hells are open to the search of thy wisdom-light. And we can never enter the blessed, the endless peace, so long as one sin-bound brother is calling on us for release.

LXXXII

Ye, the self-righteous, the sinless, ye greatest sinners of all, who would measure the great compassion by your heart so feeble, so small. Ye know not the truth of nature, ye know not your nearest kin; ye know not the mystery of evil, ye know not the service of sin; ye know not the labour of Satan, ye know not the function of hell; ye know not that only by sorrow can your soul be sweetened well. And ye have passed on your portion to the brother on whom it feeds; and the sinner may now be suffering for some of your selfish deeds. Oh, brother, oh, sister, ye know not the Christ whom ye say ye adore; and though ye think ye are wealthy, ye are poor, ay, utterly poor. Who knows the chill of Love's grave-clothes, the old smell of death, as ye? Yet, even ye, Love will save from the cold hell of the Pharisee. But ye shall never enter the blessed, the endless peace, so long as one sin-bound brother is calling on you for release. What if his soul be a centre round which is gathered the ill of the soul of our race, and his torment can alone the malignance kill? What if his mind be a body where-to is drawn and wherein are eaten, consumed and transmuted the old elements of your sin? The blessed Christ in the sinner is crucified daily anew; but your selfishness there has nailed him, and he is suffering for you. O, wondrous the ways of the Spirit ! He taketh the leper of sin, and with one kiss of the Love-fire he maketh him young and clean.

LXXXIII

O Christ, Thou blessed Spirit, I come to Thee again; in storm and calm I find Thee, in sunshine and in rain. Not only on the hillside, but even in the street, and by the dusty highway Thee often do I meet. By mountain-top and valley, slumland and heathy moor, in lowly hut and alley, in the house of rich and poor. And by the falling waters, and in the woodland sweet; and it is always heaven where I the Great Love meet.

LXXXIV

O Christ, Thou fragrant Spirit, O Love of loves the One, Thou comest in the evening at the setting of the sun. On the west wind Thou comest, pure, fragrant, large in power, and O, Thy breath is sweeter than the breath of any flower. Thou singest in the seraph, Thou trillest in the lark; and in the creeping glow-worm is Thine essential spark. O Christ, Thou all-indwelling, in Thee no near, no far; Thou lightest this lowly window and that resplendent star.

LXXXV

O Christ, Thou all-pervading, we cannot from Thee fall, for Thou art ever round us, and lowlier than us all. Thou ever art beneath us how deep soe'er we go, Thy sweet and blessed presence is deeper and more low. In all that we deem evil—our weak and blind despair—lo, Thou art there to bless us, for Thou art everywhere. Our midnight is Thy dawning; Thy dayspring is our night, and our most utter darkness but heraldeth Thy light. Sweet Angel of the Highest, in Thy soft night of death we only sleep to waken with the next morning's breath.

LXXXVI

Only by loving bravely may the body of Love be formed strong for the strain of the Spirit, fit by his fire to be warmed. Only by loving greatly may the body of Love be built

beauteous in health, and caring for neither approval nor guilt. Only by loving fully, yea, fulfilling her smallest will in the lowliest ways around you, may Love thy new body fill. Only by loving in anguish may the body of Love become so pure as to hear the music of the winds of the heavenly home.

LXXXVII

O friends, O lovers all, come near that I may say into your ear a silent word of holiest mystery. Come near that I may breathe into your soul the truth, not to be heard by ear profane nor understood by man. For by the human crowd the word cannot be known; and though the sound fall on the ear, yet meaning hath it none. And so I ween 'tis safe to utter this to you, rare souls who have the ears to hear, the genius to discern. Yea, truth, it is the word not to be formed in sound, for it would tell of things that are unfathomably deep. Too sacred to be breathed, too inner to be known; not to be uttered by the mind, nor spoken to the soul. Even of the mystery, the hidden thing of life, the work of the creating Love, the very Power of God.

For the great mystery of the creating Will is hidden far within the Deep, impenetrably dark. And no man may it tell unto another man, but he in whom the deed is done alone the mystery knows. O, wonderful the word, more wonderful the fact of very truth, for there hath come to me my kindred Friend. The Lover great in Love, the very Comforter, the Holy Spirit in my soul, even with me to dwell.

LXXXVIII

Great quiet reigns within, and silence only is; in the deep, still, unfathomed calm the voice of thought is hushed. No sound of any word ariseth from the mind; the house is ready and I know the Guest is at the door. Sweet as the gentle dawn that blushes o'er the hills, so sweetly steals there o'er my soul the Holy Influence. Soft as the western breeze that bloweth o'er the sea, so softly breathes there o'er my mind the breath

of holy Love. The tissue of the soul, the body sentient, is kissed and blessed and made alive by the upwelling Power. And the whole body glows with the celestial warmth; and every nerve now sings the song of the indwelling Love. And every cell is blessed, and quickened is my frame; and toned and nourished is the form that walks upon the earth. Sweet, sweet, O, how sweet, thought nor sound nor flesh can say; it is God and God alone in the heaven of thy soul. 'Tis the coming of the One, the indwelling, the upwelling of the Holy, Holy Love blessing, blessing evermore.

LXXXIX

Descend unto our lowness, O, make our heart thy home; Thou sweet and blessed Spirit, O, come to us, O, come! We need alway thy blessing, we need alway thy light; without thy ray of gladness our mind is dark as night. O, come unto our darkness, Thou Sun of gladsome ray; thy joy will chase our sorrow, thy light will bless our day. Thou art fuller and sweeter the more deeply we drink of Thee, and thy fulness only waiteth on our capacity.

O sweet and holy Spirit, Thou art our life indeed; Thou art the bread of heaven; on Thee alone we feed. O, enter, O, enter, O, enter, Thou Beam of the Love divine; my soul is thine own hearth-centre, and her flame and her incense are thine. O, who can ever know Thee, Thou Love, the Great alone? Who knows Thee most but knoweth Thou art not to be known.

GREAT JOY

XC

FAIR and tender form, I see thee as thou art in the mind of the Eternal. O form of wondrous delicacy and of great beauty, dignified by the divine glory that permeates thee, how fair thou art to the vision of my love. On thy head the glory of wisdom, in thy heart the sweetness of love, in all thy members the type of angelhood. Thy right hand is apt to learn, and thy left hand is skilful to perform all the uses of good. Thy feet are swift to run in the service of thy brother. Thy whole body lives in the divine impulse. The beauty of perfect health, the joy in the living harmony of will and endeavour, freedom from the toil of effort to fulfil, and from the struggle to be what thou art not, sweetness and ease and lightness in all thy movements, the gladsome spring of life ever young, the breezy freshness of thine immortality, the mirthful word, the joyous smile, the gladdening sunbeam of love shining in thine eyes—these are some of the many beauties that I see about thy holy image, thou form of the son and daughter of God, thou fair type of the soul of man. Behold this is my vision of thee, this is my ideal of thee as thou art in the mind of God.

XCI

How can we live without thee, thou holy child? How can we joy in life when thou art not? Nay, we cannot live without thee; we surely yield to the forces of decay, and soon pass unto death when thou art withdrawn from our life. Through thee is the beatific vision of God. Only to the pure in heart canst thou come; only with the lowly canst thou dwell. O Child of Love, how dry and utterly barren of all the joy of

life is the garden without thee! Thou art the mountain stream, the pure, fresh, laughing, songful brooklet descending from the hill of God, falling adown the heights of blessedness, unto the watering of the lowly pasture-lands of our humanity, unto the gladdening of the humble valleys of our everyday life with thy stream of immortality, thy song of divine melody.

O angel-child, O little one,
No path is strange where thou hast trod:
Thy love will draw me to the Sun,
Thy light will guide me unto God.

I saw thy face, I knew thy smile, and joy divine was there; and oh, on me it looked awhile, and oh, the light was fair. Thy home is in the Infinite, thy path beyond the skies, thy form is compassed in the might of love that never dies. Thy way beyond the clouds of earth is onward to the Sun; towards thy Sun of love divine thy course must ever run.

XCII

O stream of life, thou art ever flowing; O water of the Spirit, thou art always sweet and fresh. O holy one, thou art visiting me, and I know it. I feel thy coming, Angel of God, and it is gentle. Sweet as the awakening of the new breath of evening, soft as the rising of the summer winds, so is thy coming to bless. Ere thou art within, lo! my soul hath perceived thee. She forefeels thee, and joys to recognise thee.

Oft a mystic song I hear,
Singing, sweetly singing;
Soft it soundeth in mine ear,
Hidden notes forth-bringing.
Never can I sing the song
While on earth I'm dwelling;
Chords so sweet to Heaven belong,
Deep in Heaven's their welling.

XCIII

Loud sing we the triumph of Heaven's holy power.
The triumph of light, and the children of song,
Glad sing we the triumph of Love at this hour,
The triumph of right o'er the thraldom of wrong.
Ye have triumphed o'er hatred and greed's cruel blight,
Ye have vanquished the strength of our foes of the night
Your songs of redemption inspire as before,
Your music will sing in our lives evermore.

THE CHRIST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

XCIV

COME, let us break the Bread of Life in holy love together. Let us drink of the new wine of joy, the ever young life of our ageless Christ. Let us pass the cup of blessing unto one another. Let us be glad in the gladness of the salvation of God.

And ye, well beloved, who still abide in the elements of matter, having need of their service, right heartily we invite you unto the Feast behind the veil of the senses. For ye will yet come, in the day of your stronger vision, unto the spiritual discerning of the Body of the Lord of Life. And unto you there will be no more need of the symbols, nor any power of illusion, nor any bonds, either in the psychic or in the material degree of Life. For when your own Christ, even the Living Sun of your soul, illumines you, ye will not need the light of moon or candle.

Know this to be your sure inheritance, faithful souls, well beloved of the Holy One. And so to you again the Spirit calls, "Come now unto the Feast of the inner Light. Welcome, welcome are ye in the name of the King of Joy. Freely, freely flows the wine. Fully, fully is shed the divine Substance. Drink, drink, and eat abundantly, souls well-beloved of the Mother of Life, the Nourisher, the Comforter of your days."

XCV

Wheresoever and whensoever any number of purified human souls, incarnate or decarnate, have come together, drawn thereto by the pure desire to receive and communicate

good, being unified in the Spirit of Love, and having thus become in very fact one soul in the will of blessing, there arises spontaneously and is formed out of the manifold elements of their individualised soul-substances a body of divine service.

It appears as a chalice or cup, symbol of the service of Life in all degrees of manifestation. Its body is composed of the substance of all souls present, seen and unseen, who are in the will of blessing, and the purity and nobility of its body is that of the souls constituting it, and its efficiency for service is their efficiency. For the pure soul who ever suffers for sins not its own is the cup or vessel for the mediating of the Power of Life, and fulfils its function according to its individuality. It receives of the Life-stream of the Highest as it is shed and descends into our human degree, for it is worthy and fit for such a use.

Now the Christ substance thus poured forth is both the Bread and the Wine. For it is the living or spiritual manna, diffuse, and passing as a fine rain through the soul that is fed thereon. And it is the fine fruit of the true vine, even the wine of God, ever new and sweet to the soul. And it is the only food to satisfy the human need. For only by a spiritual substance can the spiritual or deathless soul of man be fed.

XCVI

Unutterable is the Holy Essence, and who can utter the unutterable? When the inspired soul is most fully conscious of the realisation of the Holy One in the great joy of the illumining inflow it bows in silence.

XCVII

Yet may we speak of the Holy One as the Great Sun of the Great Love in Whom is all the potency of our life, from Whom proceeds for our human kind all light and warmth, all joy and blessedness, and without Whom there could be no life for the soul or body of man.

The Christos is the One Sun of the human spiritual universe, solar and cosmic, the Sun both of this outer system appreciable to our powers of comprehension and of which the visible sun is but the external image, and the Sun of the vast immensity, invisible to our eyes, through whose activity there is ever radiated all the life-essences that circulate through and vivify the whole inner and outer, spiritual and physical planetary system, and Whose substance is in no way alien to ours, but is verily the same, even bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

XCVIII

The Christos is indeed the Holy Spirit of all our planet's physical as well as of her psychic and spiritual good. It is the Power of life or blessing that is now immanent in the soil and air and water, and in all the elements of our earth's living body. It is the great Warmth of Love Whom we speak of as the Over-Soul, Who ever broods over our world and ever travails in the labour and anguish of her soul, bringing forth the higher from the lower, the finer from the grosser, through a process of perfect economy wherein no pain is lost, nor any sweat nor any tear is shed in vain, and Who manifests from time to time as need and opportunity arise in the greater or riper souls of men and women who become sons and daughters of God. And so we may contemplate the Holy One as the Father-Mother Love of our planet, for It has in It the power of life, bringing forth ever of Its kind.

XCIX

But who can speak of the travail of the soul of the Christos in this work of the long ages? Surely no human word can utter it, nor tell of the work of the Redeeming Power. For the sinless One groans, as it were, in the labour and anguish of the great soul of mankind as it slowly evolves out of the lower degrees of animality. . . . And so it will continue to labour until in the fulness of time the "Son of the Man," or, as we

would now say, the perfect offspring of the Man-Woman, comes to be realised as incarnate in mankind. For so the perfect Christ-organism is formed in the individual soul, a small or microcosmic sun, so to speak, which corresponds in every way with the Christos, the Macrocosmic or Universal Sun. And this is now the quickened or energized generator of energy in our soul, and it has the power to quicken unto the generation of energy the Christ-principle hid in other souls.

C

The Christ is the very vitality of the soul, the one living principle in the individual consciousness. There is nothing the inner man so desires as this life-principle. It corresponds in the spiritual degree with the demand of the heart for love in the physical degree. He knows that without it he cannot live.

The Holy Christos is the life-principle of the great spiritual body of humanity, diffused throughout and manifesting therein, according to the periods, seasons or cycles of its growth through the night and day, the ebb and flow of its process of steady unfoldment.

CI

Every human soul we meet in the flesh is, in its very, its innermost, its only real or undying essence, of the Christ-body, and so surely does every soul who has gone from us into the unseen belong to the One or Holy Body, and is in It.

The Christ-indweller is the child of holy joy, the child of undying days in the soul, the ever-young Thing of Life who is the genius of all the health of our mind. It is a childlike innocence of soul.

CII

Our Christos is the Fragrant Spirit whose Breath is in all the good breaths of nature, the joyous Spirit who is the Light of our soul at all times, the All-indwelling in whom is no near, no far, the All-pervading One from whom we cannot fall, the

Holy Mother Love who is lowlier than us all, the Overshadowing One, the Bearer of Ageless Youth, the Deathless Spirit, the Soul of Life, the Will of Health, the never-changing Blessedness, the Ocean of Love. Our Christos is in all that blesses; and until we hear the Holy One even in the song of the thrush or in the voice of the winds and the waters we have not found our all-satisfying Christ.

CIII

"My own sweet and blessed Christ, I love Thee with all my soul and my strength. Thou art more to me than words can tell. Thou art my one Good, my only God. Thou art the great Beauty of my soul. Thou art the Alpha and Omega of my whole being. Thou art my whole Blessing. Thy sweetness is the very sweetness of life. Be so sweet in me, O thou sweetness of God's Love, that I shall never fail to sweeten every soul into whom I enter."

CIV

When once you have found your Christ, your Christ has become the keynote of the one song of your whole life. And only to the sound of that holy note can you ever henceforth awaken into enthusiasm. No theme that does not move in some way on or around that holy note will be of any vital interest to you. But when you realise in your degree what the substance and body of the Holy One really is you will feel that there is no work of blessing, visible or invisible, of man or beast or plant or stone, that does not vitally concern you.

CV

The doctrine of the cosmic Christ, far from denying that of the humanised or microcosmic Christ, really implies it. The one is the necessary correspondent of the other. The Christ immanent could not be without the Christ transcendent. While they are dual in manifestation they are one in essence,

and cannot be truly apprehended but as one. Yet to our finite seeing they are as two aspects of the Holy One. But to the soul who once feels It as It is, these modes of apprehension so live in the Essence that it can only say "I am Thou, and Thou art I."

Yet even the gladness of this abiding sense will not make us feel that all we need is within us. We shall still stretch forth the hands of our aspiration towards that which is highest, and we must continue to look unto our Holy One if we would be saved from the power of the lower degrees of our selfhood. There is a continuous influx of life from that which is higher than we. Within and around this body of humanity there must be the indwelling, all-embracing One.

CVI

It is an ancient doctrine that each atom is a microcosmic universe or solar system, and that size or immensity in space and length or vastness in time are relative to consciousness. As in the physical degree the solar system thus corresponds with the atomic system, so, we may venture to infer, in the spiritual degree the system of the Great Sun, our Christos, corresponds to the system of the lesser Sun, our inborn Christ.

The Christ who is thus formed in the soul is the whole human Unity of power, the perfect new Adam, and is, in a sex-transcending sense, male and female. It is the whole one who has now become in you and me after the order of the cosmic Man-Woman of the heavens of mankind, even our Christos. And thus in our Christ we are potent to quicken souls and to bring forth offspring. And as the children of the Christos are beyond sex, being pure Spirit, so the offspring of the whole Christ in the soul are beyond the limitations of sex, and are therefore deathless, even as their great Prototype and Generator is the Deathless One.

Many are the offspring of the Christ in the soul, and they never return unto the ways of the olden selfhood. They may appear to be drawn back to the former degrees of their

psyche. But it is only for a time and for a service, or to gather a needed psychic stuff and according to the great law of ebb and flow in life's processes. They can never make their abiding there. This is the progression of the One Life in its deathless seed. The law is unfailing, and I give this word as a sure comfort to any weary or feeble soul.

In Christ we are neither male nor female, but a whole human soul wanting in nothing. But it 'is only the sex-transcending love-principle, even the power of the Holy Spirit in us, who can bear this sinless or deathless offspring. And there is never anguish nor bitterness to the soul who bears this sinless offspring.

CVII

The Christ transcendent nourishes the Christ of the soul by an influx of power (1) through all agencies of good around us in the visible world; (2) through the great host of God in the unseen, those ministering spirits who serve the heirs of Christ's salvation, and most frequently and most effectively when we are not even aware of their service. They do infuse the sweet and subtle essences of the Christ-substance into our soul. They do this day and night, in our sleeping and in our waking; and we are nourished thereby. And they are no more weary in the continuous fulfilment of this sacred service than do the winds or waters weary in their song.

CVIII

The Christ of the soul of man is the one essence of the true consciousness of the whole man; not only the consciousness of being conscious, or the mental realization that I am I, but the one very sweet Light of the whole body and soul and mind, the great and utter radiance of a shadowless purity. And the soul in whom dwells this Light will see the One Thing as it is, discerning it even amid the passing show of the phenomena in which it fulfils its service. Only let the holy Flame have a pure oil, or soul-substance, in which to burn, and the soul thus illumined will know all things. For the Light shines from its

hidden centre forth through the innermost even unto its outermost degrees. And, inasmuch as it is a microcosm, all that is of our universe is there represented microcosmically. And when the sweet and holy Christ-light shines from within its deepest the heights and deeps and darknesses of its hidden parts are so illumined that, in its degree, it enters into the realization of the God-consciousness, and it can say then: I know all things!

CIX

It follows from the doctrine of correspondence between the macrocosmic and the microcosmic that we can call on our Holy Christos in our time of need; and sure as we call, so surely must we be heard of the One who hears every throb and feels every breath throughout His cosmic body. But it must be the cry of the soul, the word of a living, pure and true desire.

The degree of the Christhood is that of the Kingdom of the Heaven of humanity; and surely as it is, so surely must its corresponding state come to be on earth. As in the higher, so in the lower; as in the inner, so in the outer. Sure as in the great Ideal or Christ-degree, the principle of true brotherhood is already realized, so surely in this sphere of our labours, all that we aspire to, all that we reach to, our best and highest, will yet come to be.

THE CHRYSM OF THE CHRIST

CX

THERE is a body of Love, and it grows within the soul. Corresponding to this fine inner body there is evolved of necessity, and in accordance with the law of the Innermost, a body of flesh of wondrous power and sensitiveness. It is not so subject to disease as the cruder flesh, and being finer it will pass unhurt through much that would surely destroy the grosser animal body.

Being a body of much finer power than the former, it works so much the more efficiently. But it must be asked only to do its own work of blessing in its own sphere, and then it will serve well. For it is the physical body of blessing, and that it may enjoy the fulness of health its very breath must be according to the vibrations of the great Love.

This fine body suffers as the ordinary body of flesh cannot suffer, as, for instance, from the straining of the olden ties when in their clinging they seek to hold it in their bonds of personal service. It is the vehicle of very subtle powers, and often when we might think that we are doing nothing our soul is really most effectively working through it. This is so with many patient and gentle sufferers, who fancy that they pass a useless life, and I give it to them as a sure word of comfort.

CXI

IN every human soul there is hid the seed of perfection. This is the Christ-seed, the germ or embryo of the immortal Christ-child in the soul. It is also called the Light that lighteneth every man who cometh into the world, for it is the light of sweet reason, the light of the vision of divinity, latent

in all, active in the many, and transcendently active in some as the power of the genius of blessing, of healing, or of making alive of soul and body.

All experiences of the past have been culturing forces, preparing the soil of the soul for the reception of the Christ-seed, and for its nourishment and growth. Their work is the perfecting of our affectional nature, and they who teach a wilful abstention from these divinely ordained means of a spiritual education do greatly wrong the race, and to their own souls inflict a real loss.

CXII

There is no act that is fulfilled in the power of the utterly unselfing or self-giving Love that is not a means of grace and upliftment both to the giver and receiver. But it must be of this self-giving purity. For this is the redemptive power in it, and is effectively so even when the issue may be embarrassing to our present code of social morals.

When the limited affectional nature has served to its utmost, having given all its good, the soul is then ready for the higher service; and the proof of her readiness is that she cannot now be satisfied with any love other than the universal. And thus it is that by labouring unto the uttermost in the realm of the personal we come at last not only unto the realization of the truth that no such love can satisfy the deathless spiritual soul in us, but that it is actually through such labour that we develop the fine body for the reception of the great power of blessing and for its service of Love.

CXIII

The Christ-power is ever the great dissolvent. Its work is to disintegrate the old forms for the building of the new. And death is the servant of Christ, the liberator of the deathless soul from many bonds. But this devouring and using of our olden affectional elements is only done, and can only be done, by fulfilling them in all their transient and painful modes of

joys and sorrows, of hates and loves, and in all their degrees of relative good and evil. The process of transmuting their variable powers into the One unchanging power of the Great Love is never done by denying their existence. We have to live through these degrees, and do the work given us to do in them, either as friends, relations or lovers, before we can realise that they are only ways to the one satisfying Love.

Every degree of existence has its own norm and law. To live according to that norm is right in that degree, and to come short or go beyond it is sin.

CXIV

The young Thing is growing in strength, ay, even out of that which is protecting it. And the moment at length comes when it can no longer live within the protective womb, nor manifest freely in the love which is self-centred and self-held. For this young body of the Christ love has now become a perfect organism fulfilling its own laws, and it can only live according to these laws. And the old shell of the Adamic selfhood is burst; and the young Christ-body now comes forth into its new life of liberty. And it breathes its own air of the universal Life of the free Spirit, even the unlimited or God-Love.

When it sees the debris of the self-centred personality lying around it, has it any regret? No more than has the chick when it looks around upon the fragments of the olden abode from which it has just emerged. Nor would the new-born soul return to its prison house of bonds and death.

The Love body of the new-born Christ in us is the organon of all spiritual healing. It alone can receive the high and strong afflatus which is the power of blessing. It is the medium of all the holy and beautiful service of the will of blessing; and its parts and faculties all function according to their several uses in this sweet service.

Oh, what a Thing of joy it is! Oh, what a theme of beauty! It is the chalice of blessing wherein is ever shed abundantly

the wine of the gladness of God. For its body is of the live Gold of the selfless Love that has been purified, ay, purified well in the fires of manifold tribulations of all the dross of the old self-seeking nature. And it gives every day of its life as the gift of Love unto all. And this is the daily and perpetual sacrifice of the ever-present real and living Christ of mankind.

CXV

Have you ever felt, O human soul, arising in your deepest, a great unlimited love, a love that knows no distinction of kith or kind or race or creature, a love that owns nothing and will own nothing for self-use; that ever gives love, but never seeks love in return, and can only be satisfied when all, even all, have known its blessedness? It is a love that not only wipes out swiftly and utterly from the powers of the soul all possibility to hate or will evil, to feel resentment or jealousy or any bitterness towards another, but it also lays a stern veto on the life of many of the human sentiments which are altogether in keeping with the recognised code of our social ethics.

Only through a pure and sweet soul can the living waters flow forth pure and sweet. As we give to the Holy One our whole heart, so surely is it henceforth unto us the power of the Undying Life, the strength of the Beauty eternal.

When the soul has been cleansed of the impurities of its olden selfhood, when the house is of a pure and sweet air, wherein may grow the fragrant plants of the Beauty of the Spirit of Life in whose aroma is the very power of healing, then it will be a fit dwelling-place for the Universal Christ; and the Holy One will be drawn as by the beauty of Love to its home.

CXVI

The Great Love or essence of the Christ-spirit is generated through the fellowship of souls who, being in the Will of the Life-giver, must fulfil the great law of their nature, and give, ever give of their good unto those who can receive it. For

there is only one way of life possible to the new-born, so far as it is related to the goods of this passing world. It is a non-possessor, and it can be none other. Its greatest luxury would be to have no more the handling of any of them.

Now this body of Love-service is well tried and proved to the uttermost, so that any weakness in it may be made known and that it may not fail in the hour of the most trying service.

CXVII

The new-born or little Christ in us is as a sunflower, open, ever open to receive the radiance of the Sun of the Cosmos of the innermost heaven of the Great Love. It is as a sun shining within the soul, a little sun, yet living and strong in all the potency of the One Sun of our human universe. For it hath been kissed of the Holy One into life. And being a centre of living energy it now generates in the soul the divine radium or Christ power of blessing in modes fit for the use of our human need.

CXVIII

In the Innermost of pure Spirit, even the holy Place of the Christhood, there is no more sex. All who have even once come unto the Centre know that, in the Great Deep of spaceless and timeless Being, all sex-differentiation is transcended, ay, lost in the Great Love whose essence is neither male nor female, but the two in one.

In the little Christ of the soul as related to the great Christ of the Cosmos there is the passive or receptive principle of the Cosmic Body, while in the Christos universal there is the positive principle of the energizer. And yet the Christ of the soul, being a microcosmic counterpart of the Cosmic Christ, possesses and manifests the power of these dual principles. And the way of its coming is somewhat after this manner. Soon as the house is ready the dweller is there; as soon as your psyche is worthy of the indwelling Christ so soon is the Universal Christ in her as the home-Christ.

The Christ visits our disordered soul as the Healer, as the Comforter, as the Light-bearer.

CXIX

The Christhood is the estate of the body and soul of the Cosmic Christ. In the individual it is a state of soul, a mental condition and attitude, a power or dominion in the will. It is our higher and greater Selfhood.

CXX

While there is no here nor there in our Christ whose dwelling, as a pure Spirit in essence and power, is in the deep of the Innermost, yet in our Christ is a sure and abiding Homeland of an immeasurable vastness corresponding in the innermost to our ideas of space. The Christhood estate in its objective aspect is a composite spiritual body whose innumerable powers or faculties are the individual spirits who are alive and active in the holy Will of blessing. It is the unfathomed Deep of our God wherein are the powers of the blessed life. It is our real Cosmos, our inner Universe.

Were we to venture to speak in localizing terms of the sphere of the Christhood we would say that in the inner or spiritual degree of Being it corresponds to the solar system in our external universe. But the very idea of its vastness so transcends our comprehension and all our modes of expression that it is better far to say little about it in terms of locality, thus leaving it to the power of the spiritual imagination of the individual soul to apprehend as it best may somewhat of its unimaginable vastness.

It would be out of the order of cosmic nature, and therefore unthinkable, were there no centre to this great system. I do not doubt there is a Centre, a Holy One, who is beyond any human name, but whom we may well speak of as the very Christ of God of our kind.

Of this great spiritual body there is a soul, which, being diffused throughout it, unifies it in power and deed. And this all-suffusing, all-embracing soul we may best speak of in our feeble speech as the Great Love, the Love which is beyond all loves and knows no human limitations. . . . It is the Christ-power or redeeming excellency in the affections of our limited personality.

CXXI

In this cosmic body of Love-service are bands or companies of spirits who associate themselves with, inspire, guide and work through all those who in the flesh are fulfilling any good human service. Soon as a faculty of the Christhood is ready and open in any soul for such service they flow into its power and use it for the blessing of the body of life. Such is the general mode of influx, and it is as truly in accordance with an absolute law of the divine nature as that air must fill any void open to it, or water flow downwards.

CXXII

To all who would enter on the quest of these hidden things I would say: Be in the quiet wisdom of Christ, and not in the will of the self. For the will of the self can delude you, making you to think that you are seeking power only for the service of the neighbour while you may be really seeking after your own vain-glory. Be in the Great Love of Christ, for thus only will you not be led astray, carried out of your depth, or become subject to infatuation, and so fall into long-enduring distress.

CXXIII

These spirits of the Christhood are the cloud of witnesses who ever surround us, amid whom we walk and fulfil our lives of service. They are the dwellers in our heaven. We are in them, and they are in us, in so *intime* and real a way that they do verily form an enrobing and embracing presence in the inner and ethereal love-garment of our soul.

Oh, have we but once felt the quiet comfort, the sweet soothing of their holy encompassing, then we shall never know what it is to be naked or unclothed! Have we been breathed on and through by their gentle breathings, then have we known the holy breaths of the Great Love! The gentle cloud surrounds and permeates us. It is the garment of blessing; it is the spotless robe.

Now this all-suffusing soul of Love, being the very essence or power of the Christ-substance, permeates all these pure

spirits and is in them as a will of a sweet and gentle, a strong and holy service. It is the very Christ who is living and serving in them. Inasmuch as our Christ is the centre-power of all that is good in human activity, there is no activity for good among us which has not its corresponding activity in the decarnate body of the Cosmic Christ, whence it draws its inspiration and all its powers of good.

CXXIV

Joy in the Deepest; they come, they come, the comrades, the peers, the friends, the lovers. As a wedding garment they surround Him; and they are unto Him the bosom of Love.

Out of the joy of the Christhood the souls of Love-service willingly went; in the Christ they laboured throughout the night of sore trial, and into the great joy of the Christhood they return, not empty-handed, but as victors over the lower selfhood and its powers, bringing with them as on the right hand these trophies, children of the Christ, once captive, now free, and on the left many sons and daughters, the deathless fruit of the great Love in their soul. And they all together enter into and become the joy of the soul of the Christhood. And there they dwell. And unto the Home do they ever bring all those whom the Great Love has given them. And not one of these little ones will yet be missing from the body of the spirits of the Christhood.

CXXV

O Christ, Thou art the living Word; Thou art the Bread of Life who cometh out of thy heaven into our soul, feeding our whole being unto thy life of the eternal joy and bringing thy heaven of blessedness into our lowly estate. Thou alone art the bread that satisfies our hunger. In Thee alone is the nourishing of our flesh and our soul; in Thee alone is the strengthening of our heart and the renewing of our days.

CXXVI

To be able even feebly to comprehend this doctrine we must have what I may call the cosmic or whole brain, the brain

which corresponds to the power of the soul when she soars into and enters into any degree of the cosmic or whole consciousness. The brain, which is the organon of a soul that is so tuned cosmically as to respond to the notes of the Cosmos, receives the word of pure truth. And what it receives will always be true to the facts of nature as tested and proved by the strictest physical science.

My counsel always is: Be free, be open to the power of the Spirit. Neither resist nor crave after these things. Thus what is of the Holy Will and truly for thy good will be given thee. Blessing only is in the Will of the Holy One of Blessing. Let the Holy Will be thine.

CXXVII

The Christ-essence is the universal solvent, and its strength is shed within the body of the Grail of Life. Yea, I am the dissolver and the upbuilder, saith the Holy One of the soul. For in the body of Love are the doors of life and death. All forms and institutions pass, but the Holy One of the soul who wills to manifest through all these modes of life alone endures.

Ere the new body can be formed in the soul the old body of thought must pass away.

In the hand of the Great Love is the key of Life. And this key will be found to open all the spiritual arcana of the untold richness of the Christ-Saviourhood. And rich though this new body of doctrine be, not one iota of the heritage of the Christ-lovers of the past ages will be found to be awaiting from it. For it is the living Word who knows no age, the deathless Christ-child who is ever sweet and young.

We have given what we have received through our own deepest experience. And the only title to serve in spiritual things is the power of the knowing of them in the heart. And the only degree of divinity is the experiential degree conferred on the soul by the Spirit of Truth.

Every faithful servant of the Christ hath the witness within him. And he knows the witness, and it testifieth to the Truth, and this is the only testifier to whom the servant of Christ will listen and the only word by whom he is willing to be judged.

IN THE HEART OF THE HOLY GRAIL

CXXVIII

HAVE you ever heard the voice of God in the silence of holy nature? You can hear it very well in the very early dawn Earth's body hath slept, and she hath just awakened refreshed from her sleep. And she is now offering to the Creator, in the sweet scents that her body exhales, the first of her new-found strength as an oblation of Love. And God, the Holy One of the creating energy, receives the offering; and she waits in silence for the Word of her new day.

In a stillness that can be felt it is uttered. For she is listening, and you are in and of her soul, and you listen too. And now she has heard the word of her life, and the voices of her new day begin to sound forth. The cocks crow aloud in their young strength, and respond to one another all over the bosom of the land. And soon the choir of all earth's songful children join in the great symphony of her new-found life.

With the song of the birds blends the cawing of the rooks, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the lambs, the neighing of the horse, the hum of the bee. And when all the ardent children of her life have sung their song we can hear the gentle plaint of the turtle dove. Ah, yes, it is so in nature; and it is so in us inasmuch as we are the children of earth. For the song of the soul of our mother Earth must still end in the note of sorrow. Yet is there sweetness in her tears and a joy in her plaint, for she knows that her Redeemer comes.

CXXIX

Good is the ship our Christ hath built with his many strong hands in our Heaven of triumphant, deathless humanity. Ay,

good is she for the bearing of the children of our earth across these stormy waters, the dark and perilous times preceding our coming Day. Good is the ship, for she is built for the poor as well as for the rich. In her noble body our own Carpenter hath built as comfortable a cabin for the Lazarus of earth as for Dives. Aboard her there are neither rich nor poor, high nor low, great nor small. And being true to Christ's own handiwork she cannot go to the bottom. For none of the powers of hell have any part in or claim on her. Ay, we are all of this ship, its own live timbers, its crew, and its freight as well. And this ship is the Holy Catholic Church of the Christ of the Living God.

CXXX

There is no healing for us apart from the Great Love or Christ-Spirit, who is the very personal nearness or living presence of God in us, about us, and for us, in such a degree that we can assimilate and feed upon the Divine substance.

By whatever path we ascend the holy Hill of God's Health, it must lead us to the holy place on high, where dwells our living God. Hither shall we all come in good time, and here shall be all find and know one another.

CXXXI

O Spirit of Life undying, I, too, would be a spirit of God, a holy breath, a sweet fire, a white flame, a pure light, a holy one, a quickening soul.

Sun of my days, thou Blessed Sun,
Thy course in me was ne'er begun,
Thy course in me is never done,
Thy course in me will ever run;
Sun of my days, thou Blessed Sun,
Thy blessing now on everyone.

Are we not all Thy children, conceived and born, brought forth and nourished for Thee by the gentle soul of our own patient Demeter, the woman-body of fragrant earth, the

beautiful. And that in the Christ of the Ages we are in living touch with an infinite power of blessing, ay, with a very real Presence, a never-failing Body and Soul of comfort, yea, with very God, is a fact that I feel and know and realize more and more fully as I live in it.

Sun of my days, thou Blessed Sun,
My course in Thee was ne'er begun,
My course in Thee is never done,
My course in Thee will ever run;
Sun of my days, thou Blessed Sun,
Thy blessing now on everyone.

CXXXII

To those of my readers who have the use of this fine faculty I would say: Be earnest in prayer. Fail not to use this great power. For it is the greatest power for blessing wherewith the Good Spirit hath gifted you. It is the power that rules the nations and directs the destiny of our race.

If we would enter into life we must give of our good to whomsoever can receive it.

Thrice holy is the Body of the Lord of Life; thrice holy is the Service of the Body; and this is the function of the living Church of Christ.

CXXXIII

O Christ, Thou Angel of the heights and deeps, Thou keeper of the keys of life and death, Thou hast me called to go with Thee awhile to dwell amid the shadows of the night. And I will go with Thee, my own sweet Christ, and I will follow Thee into the gloom of this dark valley, yea, into the grave, the self-dissolving, with Thee I will go.

O Christ, Thou Angel of the heights and deeps, Thou hast me led upon the hills of joy long days ago; and now into the grave of my old selfhood I will go with Thee. Then do your work within me, ye dark powers of painful dissolution; ye but do the will of my sweet Christ, and ye do serve the one undying Self, my Christ, my God.

CXXXIV

O Christ, Thou art my whole Redeemer. Thou hast cleansed my heart by thy Love. Thou hast purified by thy sweet fire the body of my desires. Thou hast breathed thine own Breath into every cell and molecule of this flesh. Thou art the Soul of my soul; Thou art the innermost power of my life; Thou art the re-creator of my body. I know that Thou art working in the innermost of my nature, preparing 'thus, even within this vesture of flesh, a new form for the fulfilment of thy service through me.

O Stream of divine Joy, for our gladness Thou art ever flowing. O radiant One, for our enlightening Thou art always shining. And without Thee, O pure Light of Love, there is no joy in the soul. O Radiance of God, shine ever within, shine forth ever through our whole being thy blessing unto all.

CXXXV

O Christ, Thou hast given me thy Gospel of Life; Thou hast delivered me from all fear. And so I shall offer that Gospel to every soul, and to everyone who can hear I will say: Fear not, little one, there is nothing for thee to fear in God's universe. There is no creature who can hurt thee. There is no one who can do thee any wrong. There is no evil for thee; there is no death for thee. There is no enemy for thee to fear; there is no mind can will thee any harm. Child of the ageless Life, fear thou not.

Fear not to give your good to whomsoever you meet. Fear not to be depleted by the giving of your own away to the needy soul. Fear not to let your life go to everyone you touch. It is the way of life, and now to you the only way of living.

CXXXVI

O Christ, Thou living One, we are in Thee now. Thy holy Light envelops us; thy pure substance is about us and in us and of us. Yea, Thou art the breath we breathe. Thee we breathe into the innermost of our life centres. Thy presence is our very real food and drink, and we feel and know that even as we breathe Thou art within our breath of life.

CXXXVII

O Power of God, Thou hast breathed thy breath into my soul. O Body of God, Thou hast given thy strength unto my flesh. O Life of God, Thou hast made me alive.

O Divine Essence, I have drunk of thy sweetness; O Holy Substance, I have eaten of thy good; O Bread of undying Life, thy health is in me. O Wine of the Strength of God, thy joy is mine. O Life-stream of the Holy One, Thou hast passed within my bosom; O living Beam of the Sun of the Ages, Thou hast entered my innermost, Thou hast kissed the very heart of my being. O Christ, Thou hast made me alive in the inward parts; Thou hast renewed my soul, even in her most hidden deeps. And Thou art re-creating my flesh every hour; Thou art raising my body above the dominion of disease. Night and day Thou art nourishing this form by thy living Breath.

O Christ, how good Thou art! Thy goodness is known only to the soul whose sweetness and light Thou art. And no one can know Thee even as that soul knows Thee.

CXXXVIII

I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who knoweth Me as the Life of the soul, quickening ever and vitalizing more and more unto the Day of Life, though he were as dead, buried deep in the grave of dark thoughts, ignorance and defilement, he shall come forth from death, he shall arise in the strength of Me, the Son of God in his heart. I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who seeth Me, shining within as the Light of the mind, shall never again be enslaved of illusion. He shall never go astray in the paths of delusion, nor tread in the ways of infatuation, even the ways of bitter sorrow.

CXXXIX

O Christ, Thou art the Holy Spirit of our days, Thou art the Quickener of all our parts, Thou art the Energizer of our life, Thou art the Genius of our whole being. Thou art the

worker, alive in every cell of the great cosmic Body of thy creation, seen and unseen; and Thou art the will of the worker, ever active, ceasing not day nor night to do in us the service of Life the Holy.

O Christ, I love thy Body. O Christ, I love the holy Catholic Church; and I am of thy Body, a member of thy living Church. And every body I touch is of thy Body, and every soul I sense is of thy Church.

CXL

Oh, let us be children of the free Spirit, let us be children in God. Let us play the Divine play, and so serve best the Body we love, even the Body of the Holy One of Blessing! A new house has been prepared, and it is a large and beautiful house, large as the universe and beautiful as God.

CXLI

Oh, who can sing of the high beauty of the House of our God, who can utter the greatness of the richness of the Church of the Christ who has ever been, who is even now in the One whole Substance, and who is to be in the manifest form of the Church of the days to come? It is the living word of the fulness of our Divine humanity. . . . Here, O Socialist, you will rest. Here, O Communist, you will at last find your great peace. Here, O sister of all women, O brother of all men, you will find all, all that your soul hath yearned for! Here, O serving soul, here you will be at home. You will find, deep in these foundations, all the good you thought you had spent in vain.

CXLII

O Living Eye, Thou hast looked into my deep, and I have looked into thy deep unfathomable.

O Living Eye, Thou hast smiled into my soul, and I have seen the Light of thy love.

And it is a light that I have ever known; and there is nothing in heaven or earth more familiar to me than thy love.

Love, Love, ay, the Love untouchable surrounds me and passes through me. O Living Eye, it is thy light; but I may not sing of thee, for I cannot.

CXLIII

O Christ, Thou art the great Beauty unto man; Thou art the high Excellency of God in the soul. And in this feast Thou hast given us of thine inexhaustible Beauty and Thou hast said to us: Drink fully of Me, O ye well-beloved children of my life. Are not all the well-springs of your joy in Me?

O Christ, Thou art the Power of cleansing, Thou art the water of purifying, Thou art the life-stream of regeneration. Thy Beauty hath taken unto Thee our whole heart, and thy love hath won all the powers of our soul and body. Thou art the great Lover.

In Thee, O Christ, we know the Unknowable; in Thee, O Great Love, we name the Unnameable; in Thee, O Good Mother, the nourishing, the kindly One, we touch and taste our own nearest and best.

O Mother of the eternities of our peace, Soul of endless blessing, Heart of unfailing comfort, Thou encompassst me in thy great stillness; Thou hidest me in thy mighty Calm; within thy bosom is the heaven of thy little one.

CXLIV

O Great Love, wondrous is thy grace! O Blessed Love, the richness of thy bounty passeth all our understanding! We offer Thee our clay, and Thou, receiving it, dost lavish on us thy heavenly gold. We offer Thee our feebleness, and Thou, using it, dost pour for the overfilling of our cup the joy of thy strength.

Hast not thy hand of cleansing touched us? Hast not thy hand of living fire purified us by its touch? And now thy life-stream hath passed through us, and we are more sweet in the inward parts. And we are stronger in our love, and purer in our heart, and cleaner in our hands.

THE CHRIST OF THE HEALING HAND

CXLV

THERE is a fine magnetic body working in and manifesting through our nerve system. It is the outer body or garmenting of our psyche, and is the ground-work, the substantial and rudimentary basis, the very principium of our corporeal or outermost form. It is of a highly attenuated physical substance, and it must be nourished from its own degree, that is, from the elements of our earth.

Our body of nerve and flesh depends so much on magnetic conditions for its well-being that, from the physical standpoint, nothing is of greater importance for our present health than to find our true, human, magnetic habitat, that is, the state in which the animal magnetic conditions are such as to nourish our flesh and nerve.

Now, this fine magnetic body of our psyche can be overstrained or drawn too heavily on, and so made inefficient for the fulfilling of its vital function, which is the mediating or conveying of the Holy Thing of Life into the physical degree. It may be drained of its power by the dissipation of our virile force, or it can be hurt through overwork. But it may be renewed in the power of its life through the healing and nourishing potencies of our sun and of our earth, or through our fellows giving out of their superabundance, or through the service of ministering discarnate spirits.

Our psyche is the vessel or cup fitted to receive the good thing needed. And she drinks it by way of the "silver thread," the fine psychic mesh which connects her with the brain and the whole nerve body.

CXLVI

Through sufferings unnumbered and manifold distresses of mind and heart and flesh, through enduring hardness, through being longtime subject to strain, through bearing patiently the prolonged tension of mind and heart and nerve, through self-disciplinings in matters of food as well as in matters of thought and feeling, through services of all kinds, freely, fully and always gladly given, through our human joys and sorrows, the once crude animal soul has become fit for the generation of the Holy Thing of Life, has come unto the strength of Divinity, and now possesses and uses a body of power. And the body of power thus formed in her is the organon of soul healing, and in it works the faculty of blessing. If we are alive in God all our personality will breathe forth God. Our flesh will be alive in God and our blood will be warm in the Divine virtue. By the grip of our hand, by the glance of the eye, by the word spoken or by the silent word of the spirit, we shall give God and only God.

CXLVII

The holy soul is at home anywhere, and knows no fear of anything. It is right, inwardly, and no presence is so sweet to it as the Presence of the All-seeing, All-proving, All-knowing God and Judge of all. For it knows in its heart, and feels as a vital knowledge that God alone is.

CXLVIII

It is all-important that our soul or mind be fully in the body if the body is to be healed or even well nourished. Herein is the secret of true rest. We must be *all there* to the satisfaction of our whole nature if we are to rest. And apart from this whole rest of all the ingathered and indwelling energies of the soul or mind and body there can be no re-creation.

It matters not what amount of food we take into our body, if our soul is really away from the body, dwelling in or thinking of other objects, that food will not nourish us well.

CXLIX

In laying on hands for the healing of the body the healer must first bless the soul. He addresses himself to the soul first and of very necessity. For he is in the Will of Blessing and he knows the power thereof, and so he blesses the soul and the body, and he cannot do otherwise.

CL

The healer of the soul should be master of the science of the composition of man.

This human unity of spirit, mind or soul, and body, may well be compared to a living home, where every room is within every other, not in any way shut off or separate, where walls are living and intermediating, and so essentially in and of one another and of each room, that there is a real and living oneness. It is the live temple of God.

Within the innermost of these rooms is the shrine of the Holy Light, where dwells the Holy One, our Father-Mother, where abides the whole family of God. It is the *sanctum sanctorum*, the secret place of the Most High, wherein burns perpetually the fire of the sweet Love of God.

The Holy of Holies may well be thought of as the causal, or solar, or spiritual body, for it is the place of individual power and radiation. Here is the dwelling or centre of our radiant One of the solar body, whence the Radiance of a whole or full Divinity shines forth through us unceasingly night and day. It is in the quickening or awakening of this divine Genius of the soul that the great work of regeneration consists.

They who are altogether alive, within and without, and throughout their whole spiritual, psychic and physical nature, whose sun is ever shining forth in the quiet and gentle radiance of the strength of that solar body, can speak the word of quickening to the sleeping strength within the soul of another.

CLI

From this doctrine flows forth naturally and sweetly the true sense and sane recognition of the inherent divinity of every soul and the reverence we owe to it. And from the recognition of this reverence for every soul we meet will surely come in good time a fuller and truer self-consciousness and realization of our deathless selfhood as a divine power in the great cosmic social body to which we belong. And from this recognition will surely come in good time all the blessedness thereof, manifesting the gentle and sweet graces, virtues and beauties in the manifold relationships and personal services of our human life.

CLII

While the Radiant One shines through all the bodies or rooms of our home, these bodies will become purified and quickened, healed and beautified in life. Thus, shining through our mentality, all our thoughts will be alive in the power of blessing. They will thus cease to be pessimistic and depressing to ourselves and others. We shall be in cheer, not gloom; hope, not despair; and we shall give these healths and strengths to everyone we touch. And so on through the powers of all our faculties. The power of our will is now so softened and sweetened by love that we no longer desire to dominate any soul, but only to feed, bless, and sustain.

CLIII

Wonderful is the Redemption of Christ. Of a beauty never to be exhausted is the process of the great work of the Assumption of our psyche into the Divine essence and power. This is surely our portion even now. And sure as it is our inheritance, so it is, verily, the right of every soul. And unto its beauty every soul shall yet come. For God is good.

CLIV

If we are called to serve a soul whose elements have become disordered we can see and speak to the Holy One of Blessing

as the Sun of Harmony, in whose shining is harmony, and whose fine touching will bring the inharmonious elements into the harmony of sweet life. And the vibrating light will then sound within as a note of pure music. And soon as the holy note can utter itself in this soul there is the health of God.

So, likewise, if the case be one, say, of rheumatism, we can see and speak to the Christ of the soul as the Sun of living heat, or as the Power of the sweet fire of God, who can so quicken the elements of this soul that it shall work therein as the fire of pure Life, consuming either these noxious ethers out of the etheric body, or these psychic poisons out of the psychic body, or these dark, heavy, depressing thoughts or feelings out of the mental and emotional body, and, as a sure issue, consuming or drying up this foul damp out of the fine tissues, and these vitiating waters or virulent humours out of the most minute cell of this human flesh.

If the soul or mentality is disordered, and so lacking in self-control, we can serve it well by holding in our mind the thought and image of God as the Controller and Ruler of all the elements of the soul, bearing it, as it were, on the steady, strong arms of our service to the one immanent divinity, who is the unfailing light of the mind and the strong and sure Ruler of the heart.

Or if the soul is in darkness, and so in the power of fear or dread, we can first allay these fears, or eliminate this dread, by telling this child that God is as truly in the night of the soul as in her day, as truly in her sorrow as in her joy. We can then serve her well by holding in our mind the image of the healing Christ who can even now shine within her.

Just according to the reality, purity, and strength of our conception of this great truth of the ever-present immanent divinity, even the Great Christ, shining through our soul, and so uniting its strength to that of the soul addressed, will be the quickening and illumining of this soul. And this will be the kindling and awakening in her of the Holy Light of Reason and the giving to her the sure sense of her own inherent divi-

nity, even the enjoyment of the living, ever-present God of her being. And she will feel that the sweetness and light of the ever-present God of her being have risen within her, for this light will sound within her as a note of pure, silent radiance, or as an unutterably sweet and holy joy.

CLV

Incalculable is the service of healing in the Word of Power. But it must be a word of power to the soul who utters it, and at the time of uttering it we must be in the Spirit.

Now, the soul will always receive her own word of power if she is able to listen to the voice of her own Divinity. For sure as she waits patiently on her own living God she will receive out of this ever-present, near, yet infinite knowledge and wisdom just the word she needs for the occasion. By the use of the word of power the spiritual consciousness is heightened or intensified, and the strengths of the personal soul are drawn together and unified for service.

CLVI

What the use of the word of power has been to me I cannot tell you—so rich, so great, so manifold. Thus, when I repeat the word, "God is good," or simply breathe the word, "God, God, God," it is as if I were hugging a dear living thing in my arms, and at the same time absorbing of its sweetness into my soul and flesh. And my whole being thrills with a joy unutterable. These words, though many in mode of expression, are one in essence, and the one word is God.

Some of the modes of its utterance that have most effectively served me are: "God alone is," and "God is good," "Love," "Wisdom," "Strength," "Patience," "Be still," "Endure," "He blesseth me," "He restoreth my soul," "Blessing, Blessing, Blessing," "Christ, my Healer," "Christ, my Saviour," "Christ, my Redeemer," "The Holy Name," "God."

CLVII

Let us never forget that when we feel utterly ill in body and mind, and the whole heaven of our life seems to be shut off from our vision, and we cannot from any natural point of view expect any good, then is the moment for the triumph of our essential Divinity by a living faith in our living, ever-present God.

CLVIII

The watchword of the New Life must be service, moving and controlling, inspiring and guiding all our deeds of mind and heart, of hand and will.

Only the soul who is utterly abandoned to Love in God can get all the blessing that Love can give. For he who loseth his life shall find it. And to this we would add, that the fulfilment of the humblest services of these personal and limited relationships, in the will and power of the Christ-Love, will surely lift these services out of the degree of the mean, paltry, and commonplace, and will raise them into the Realm of the Divine or truly spiritual.

CLIX

According to the degree of our psychic unfoldment so is the power of our activity in healing. If we are naturally strong in the animal or physical degree we shall, as healers, have much power in that degree, for in this degree is the mode of our vibratory strength. If we are naturally strong in the mental or spiritual degrees we shall have less power for healing in the animal or physical or magnetic degrees, and more in the mental or spiritual degrees of our nature. And being thus, we shall expend as much energy, let us say, in one minute in the activity of the mental or spiritual degrees as we would have expended, let us say, in one hour of service in the activity of the physical or magnetic degree, so swift, so fine, so intense have the vibrations of our strength in these degrees become. And so it is that those more highly evolved in the mental and spiritual degrees cannot give their time and energy to the

works or plays, to the things grave or gay, serious or comic, of the physical animal realm of human activity.

CLX

Herein is the liberty of the children of God, and we are in it. Henceforth we are in bondage to no power, seen or unseen. Neither any creature, nor the thought of any creature, nor the shadow, ghost nor image of any thought or creature in heaven, or earth, or hades, hath any dominion over us. We have virtually transcended, even while in this body, the limitations of time and space. A clock is nothing to us, but in so far as it guides us in our services as related to others. Thus we lie down and rest, and we get up and work when it is right to do so. And what the hour of night or day may be when the call of Life to work or service comes matters not to us. We who are in the service of the Spirit are no more slaves to time.

Surely this is the freedom wherein our Christ hath made us free. And the wide universe is now our home. For we are where there is neither higher nor lower, inner nor outer, here nor there, where the God within is the God without, and the Christ of your heart is the Christ of the Cosmos.

CLXI

And now to sing once more our sweet refrain, for we do love to sing it. Verily the service of Healing is the service of the Heart of Christ; verily it is in the power of the Blood; verily it is sacramental in the innermost sense of the word. And this Love-work is the true, essential, invisible communion of Heaven and earth. And they who participate in it know that great and sweet beyond utterance is the blessing poured forth for all who communicate. Oft-times they are so conscious of the real Presence that they can hardly contain the fulness of the Divine joy, nor utter one word concerning the Holy Thing. They know the meaning of the great benediction: I bless them who bless My Body. I give my best to those who offer their best to My needy children.

CLXII

If we are in the fine and gentle control of our own Holy Spirit we are chaste in heart, word and conduct, and we have in us the full strength of God in our human degree. And we shall know in our experience that in chastity is the way of the conservation and refining of our energies, mental, psychic, and physical, even unto their transmutation into the virtues of the Christ-body. Let us take it as our guide, brother mine and sister dear in God, never to indulge, as brothers and sisters, in any expression of life of which we could in any way be ashamed, or which we would hide from our fellows. This is a very simple rule of conduct for our guidance. But if we follow its direction it will lead us in the way of sweet Life, wherein walking we shall assuredly yield a blessedness to every soul and body we touch.

CLXIII

Nothing is more wide of the truth than to imagine that the spiritual life consists in anything abnormal. It is, indeed, the truly normal, this sweet and sane ideal of pure life in God. And this means nothing less than an entering into the very soul of life in all her moods. You are, or you become, a very child of nature, and all the beauties of God in nature are always to you fresh, fragrant, and pregnant with the suggestion and possibility of new joy. Every breath that breathes in his body, every note that strikes his ear, every contact of the forces of nature in all her moods and in all her modes of manifestation, awaken in him the response of joy. He feels in all these ways of Life the touch of God's hand. Who so enjoys it all as the child of God, the soul whose life is God?

CLXIV

Well, indeed, it is when we love the law of God, and when instead of fearing it we desire nothing so much as the judgment of God, either for ourself or others. Well, indeed, it is with us when we can say with the full consent of our whole

nature: Sweet is the law of God to my soul; healthful, more precious than aught I know, to my heart and mind, is the judgment of my living God. Yea, I hide me in Thy law, I shelter me in Thy justice, I cover me by Thy Truth from the lies and slanders, false judgments, accusations, and condemnations. Yea, I love Thy law. Sweeter than all else to me are the breaths of its purity and light. More precious than life are its chastenings, correctings and cleansings, for they give to me the vision of my God.

CLXV

There is no human soul who sincerely desires to fulfil this most holy service of Life to the needy brother, and who does what he can to fulfil this desire, who is not under the protection, guidance, and help of the great Brotherhood of Love. These watchful eyes are upon him night and day, and their will is to serve to their best the most lowly servant of the needy. And their service is only limited by our capacity to receive, by our power to open the door of our heart to their Life of blessedness.

CLXVI

We have taught that there is no mode of life higher than the service of others. Now we find that there is a higher state of life than this, and it is simply to live the sweet, pure, natural spiritual life of the child in the joy and the enjoyment of God. And this is what we see to be the spiritual life. And we shall all live it yet.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

CLXVII

I AM the Beauty of God within thee, I am the Wellspring of thy joy, I am thine eternal Youth. I am the Springtime of the ages; in Me they bud and blossom and yield their fruit eternally. I am the radiance of the sun; I am the gladness of the day. I am the ageless child.

I am Chrishna the beautiful, I am Buddha the gentle, I am Jesus the lowly. I am little Rosie, I am the coy Elise, I am the playful Jackie.

I am the beauty of the sky, the lightness of the clouds, the softness of the winds; I am the Virgin Mother.

I am the light of the dawn, and the joy of the early hour; I am the sweetness of the earth and her fruits.

I am in the hymn of the little child, and I am in the soul of the sea-bird: in his lonely cry hear my voice.

I am the golden light of the gloaming; I am the sweetness of the cheer of the little child.

I am the soul of all wealth. I give the great riches to all who will receive them.

I am these little children; they are my bodies; their feet are my feet.

In the soul of the child blossoms my joy; their little hands love to fondle my beauty.

In Me ye come, in Me ye go eternally; from Me ye never pass away.

Where'er these little feet have trod;
There, there to me, the land of God.

O Child, O Blessed Child, we, too, would be the child in heart and in all our ways.

CLXVIII

I send this word forth for the service of the coming race whose rising is even now amid us. They will be children more of the sun than we are, and they will, therefore, possess many fine powers that only the few among us now possess. They will be at home in the ether as in the air, and in the fulness of time they will possess the self-generated power of flight. Thy will by telepathy and otherwise speak to and commune freely with the other children of the sun in our cosmos.

CLXIX

True love never spoils, for it cannot spoil anything. It is an exaggerated fondness for our own, and very much so because it is falsely supposed to be our very own, that spoils the child. The regime of Love can be stern, the discipline of Love severe, even uncompromising to the appeals of all self-loving fondnesses. For the law of Love is holy, and they who know it as the will of God within them cannot violate it, how tender soe'er be the appeals of these fondnesses.

CLXX

You held out your hand to me. And your angel smiled at me through your eyes. And I knew your angel's smile, for it was the smile of God, and I felt in your little hands the clinging of God's Love. And I say that no word of mine can ever utter my gratitude to the Good Mother for all the holy Love which she has given me through so many beautiful souls, even during this earth-life, and which has culminated in the gift of the children's love, wherein she has bathed my whole nature, wherewith she has cleansed me through and through, and whereby she has enriched me in the High Beauty of God.

CLXXI

"Uncle, shouldn't we walk barefoot as often as we can, because the earth likes to feel our bare feet and we do it good?" said little Mary to me (October 14, 1915), as we were all walking barefoot together across the fields to Bidston

Woods. Let me quote a word that I have written which she certainly has never read. "The earth loves the tread of the human foot, and the foot loves the contact of the earth. For here there is a very serious service of Love. Ay, every tread of the bare foot of man or beast is to the body of Demeter as a kiss of filial love, and is grateful to her."

"Doesn't it seem soft [foolish], Uncle, to wear clothes?" said little Dolly to me one evening after the children had been telling me of how they had all been enjoying a sunbath among the long uncut hay, clothing themselves with the joy-garlands of buttercups and daisies. Yes, child, it is soft with the softness of the animal man. And it is only when we become sane, utterly sane, as the little child, that we can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, in whose inner Home of Love, as Swedenborg of the great and pure child heart tells us, they are in very fact of form and appearance as naked little children.

CLXXII

Yesterday we were singing the Christ-Child carol which I composed some years ago. Softly and solemnly it was played by a dear woman whom indeed we were visiting. I had never heard it so rendered, and the Presence of the Holy Child, even the all-embracing Love, came unto me as never heretofore. And the tears of blessedness burst forth and poured down my face. Not a word was spoken by these little ones, for they knew. But they kissed the tears and wiped them away by their caresses.

THE CHRIST-CHILD CAROL

O Christ, Thou bonnie, bonnie Child,
All day Thy songs sing in me;
All thro' the night, in fragrance wild,
Thy holy joys spring in me.
Within my heart Thy warmth I feel,
Within my soul Thy sweetness;
O Christ, Thou bonnie, bonnie Child,
Thou art my new completeness.

O Christ, Thou never-dying One,
All day Thou livest in me;
All thro' the night, ne'er sleeping One,
Thy peace Thou givest in me.
Within my bosom is Thy home,
Within my mind Thy shining;
O Christ, Thou deathless, ageless One,
Thy warmth is my refining.

O Christ, Thou never-failing One,
All day Thy strength me feedeth;
All thro' the night Thy mighty hand
Me holdeth, and me leadeth.
Within my breast I feel Thee glow;
My light is Thy illuming;
Thy garden is my heart to grow
In flower and fruit perfuming.

O Christ, Thou One, Thou Lowly One,
Thy gladness through me beameth;
O Christ, Thou Sun, Thou Holy Sun,
Thy radiance through me streameth.
Within my heart Thou art so nigh,
No power our bond can sever;
Yea, I am Thou, and Thou art I
For ever and for ever.

CLXXIII

Singing we go towards the Home of the Christ-Love, many little hands in mine. And I see with the eyes of the children, and sky and trees I see as the children see them, and I hear with the ears of the child, and the song of the bird is again to me fresh as it was when I too was a child. And oh, but it is a bonnie thing, even the soul of the innocent child, for indeed it is yet nigh unto Paradise.

CLXXIV

Let the soul be nurtured in love, and it will become in fact a soul of Love. This is an unfailing fruitage. And in this sure fact is the assurance of the future blessedness of the race. Love must and shall triumph over all, for Love is God.

Inestimable, likewise, is the gift of true love. When love is utter, sane, and self-giving the lovers cannot but give of their finest magnetic good to one another, and there is a mutual strengthening and enrichening in all their parts.

CLXXV

Here is a verse I have added to a favourite hymn, which the children sing with special delight to the sweet old English melody "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

I heard the voice of Jesus say
I am the living Bread;
Eat thou of Me and thou shalt live,
and never more be dead.
I ate the manna, and behold,
new life came to my soul;
And heart and mind and flesh, and all
my nature was made whole.

(Pray note, ere we pass, the order in the operation. The Manna, or Love of God, is received by the soul, the holy vessel of God in our nature, which alone can receive the divine essence. First the heart, or centre of the affections, desires, or will, is touched, then the mind or understanding is illumined, and then naturally follows the healing of the flesh and the whole of our nature. Thus have I explained it to these little ones in words they can understand.)

I instruct them in the new science of divinity through their songs. Thus when they sing the old-fashioned call to praise God, I'll say: You know, children, God doesn't ask you to praise Him and thank Him for all He does as if He were a

common man. He does it because He is Love, and can't do otherwise. But it is good for you yourselves to give thanks and to sing your joy and your love to God. For you can bless God with your love. And to tell it to God is natural for you to do, and that is all you are asked to do, for if you love God you will love every creature.

Or when they happen to think of "death's cold, sullen stream," I tell them that death really is not so, but that it is just the same thing as they have just done, that is, to throw off their clothes, all soiled, tired by the day's work and play, and put on their nice fresh nighties that smell so sweet of the sun and the air. And when we waken from the sleep there will be lots of kind people to meet us all. Yes, every one of us will be met by a kind friend, and there will be lots of happy children to play with, and flowers and pretty birds and all kinds of nice creatures, and kind, kind friends, and all so happy and loving, and that is all death means.

Or again, when we have thought, or said, or done anything wrong, that is the very time we should go to the One who loves us, for thus we become sorry for it, and this is just the time He holds us closest to His heart.

CLXXVI

It is a simple, natural, and spiritual fact that our body is the body of the ever-present, immanent divinity of our nature, and we name this indwelling divinity the Christ of our soul, our Emanuel. If we verily realise this to be so, it will keep us from all sin of thought or word or deed. If, for instance, we realize that our hand is the hand of God, we shall never be able to use that hand otherwise than for blessing. If we do realize that our eyes are the eyes of God's body, we shall see to it that these eyes ever speak, by their glance or expression, the beauty of the word of love or compassion, or tender pity, or gentle serviceableness, and will not be used for any vision whose contact with the soul might defile or hurt that holy Thing of God within us.

CLXXVII

I am the Father and the Mother
and the Child of the Ages
of Mankind.

I am the Ancient of Days,
I am the Lord of Righteousness,
I am the King of Love,
I am the Prince of Peace.
Lo, I come, I come,
and I tarry not
in coming.

THE GREAT PEACE

CLXXVIII

How great is thy peace, thou lover of God,
How deep is thy joy, thou soul renewed.
O Peace how great ! O Joy how deep!
O sweet Light of radiant ways,
O glad Beauty of our days,
How great is thy peace, thou child of God.

Yea, God is thy Breath, thou lover of God,
Yea, God is thy Love, thou soul renewed.
O Breath how blest! O Love how pure!
O sweet Light of radiant ways,
O glad Beauty of our days,
How great is thy peace, thou child of God.

CLXXIX

It is a simple fact that the powers of God, the servants of God, do encamp around those who are strong enough in God to be able to trust in the essential goodness of Life. And the day is surely coming when Great Britain shall be great enough and strong enough in God to stand clothed only in the armour of her own essential goodness, which is the very panoply of God.

CLXXX

Assuredly we are witnesses of the judgment of the present world-order in its social system and general dispensation of the means and ways and issues of the elements of our human life. Verily, in these days we are seeing its dethronement, and they

who live long enough will witness, even in this body, the utter ejection of its power from our modern civilization. Sure as the rising of the sun, so sure is the coming of the new regime wherein dwelleth righteousness.

CLXXXI

When we pray for the Peace of God we pray for all good. But the Peace of God may not in these present days actually bring the cessation of wars. Ultimately it surely will, but not of necessity in these days. Its coming might even intensify the forces at work and so hasten the maturing of the fruitage thereof, which we know cannot but be good.

For God alone is, and God is good. And we know that in God war is, even as peace is. Yea, hell, as truly as heaven, is in God, who is the all and in all of our whole mundane and cosmic being and existence. . . . But we also know that out of the labour and agony and tribulation of these elements of the human soul is being born even now the new thing of Life, the holier light, the fairer day, the serener sky, the sweeter air. In this is the doctrine of the Cross, and all our teachings go to support the truth, that always out of the storm is born the melody, that out of the anguish of our soul ever comes forth the child of the greater Love. Peace and war are as the day and the night, the calm and the tempest of our earthly existence in the present degree of its unfoldment. And inasmuch as greed still prevails in this degree, death too prevails, and the powers of hell prevail. For only in the state we call hell is war possible.

But when we, as a human family, have entered our heavenly estate, there shall be no more war, neither sorrow nor sighing; for God, even the Holy Lover, shall have wiped away all tears, and the Brotherhood of the nations shall be a realized fact.

CLXXXII

If we are still under the law of this present world-order, in which self-preservation is the first and fundamental principle

of its essential being, we must fulfil this law. But if we are in the Christ degree we are under the law of Christ, and the righteousness of the Christ-order, and that alone can we fulfil.

Now we shall soon know when we have come to be under this law of the Great Lover, for we shall not be able to wound, to slay, or to destroy any sentient creature willingly, or wilfully, or consciously. It comes of the real, deep knowledge and consciousness of God, and the holy, sane faith in God that is the sure fruit of this knowledge and consciousness of the Presence.

CLXXXIII

It comes about that we are, in very fact, the witnesses of the throes of the agony of our world-soul, whereof the symptoms are, of necessity, manifest even in the physical plane of her life, the thunderings, the earthquakes, the volcanoes, the floods, these storms and shakings and convulsions, in this cyclic out-clearing of the soul of our world-genius.

Now, in the outcome of this great disruptive forth-clearing the soul of our civilization has been, and is actually and in very fact, the exquisitely live body wherein have been arrayed in deadly conflict the forces of heaven and hell, the powers of light and darkness, the brotherhoods of Love and the congeries of Hate.

CLXXXIV

I tell you, my fellow in service, how you may work with God. First, by jealously guarding the Great Peace in your heart-centre, and willing peace to every soul. Secondly, by carefully guarding the holy Love of God in your deepest heart, and so persisting in loving all souls equally and well. Thirdly, by fighting in the silent deep of your own hidden nature, daily, hourly, the good fight of a true faith in the unlimited blessedness of the God-love.

To understand aright is to know, to know is either to pity or to sympathise with, to do all this aright is to love in God. Love alone can see aright, Love alone can know aright, Love

alone can feel aright. They who love have the vision of God, who loveth all creatures equally and well. Ye men and women who love are the eyes of God for your brothers, who, having eyes to see, yet see not aright for lack of love. To you there is no alien; ye belong to no party. For to love in God is to love all equally and well.

CLXXXV

The secret place of God is in the great Silence, the silence of the mentality which thinks and discusses and criticizes, and (that which) loves and hates and fears and hopes, despairs and desires, whose existence depends on this passing show, and is as unreal as the vanities and dreams that sustain it. When this clamouring, anxious, care-laden self is stilled there is silence within you, and into this silence comes the Holy Presence, even the power of the One Spirit. And in this coming is the conscious quiet, the realized calm, the peace felt and tasted, and which is at once recognized by the soul and known to be the very Peace of God. Now this is anything but mere passivity. It is a mode of the highest, most potent and most intense activity possible as yet to our humanity. During this deep quiet the superconscious soul is liberated and so allowed to do its work, just as the subconscious soul is during sleep. It is the Christ-soul in you who is set free, and who now works, and this is the very Soul of your soul, the Strength of your life, even the mighty God in your midst.

Come now with me to the Feast Chamber, all ye who are worthy, and therefore able, to enter into the dwelling of the Most High, even the secret place of the Power of the Great Love.

CLXXXVI

There is a principle absolute in all true healing, and it is that if we would heal truly and well we must call forth the good genius and not the evil of the soul we treat. This is done by seeing the good, and seeing it alone in this soul. You do not see the evil—not that you are in any way blind, or that you are blinding yourself to the evil manifesting in this soul—only

you know it to be, as all evil is, of a negative, phantomal nature and in the essence of things an unreality. This is the truth, and for the sake of the health of this soul you thus encourage or allow the truth to speak and work its work.

Now, if you do not actually see or feel the good thing in the soul you would serve you may yet see it by the eye of your faith in the human ideal, and, imaging it as a holy light in the deep of this soul, address it as a reality, and so call it forth unto manifestation. And inasmuch as you continue to call it forth, it shines more and more within this soul, even unto the perfect Light of its day. Thus is the soul drawn into the health of God. Thus comes she at length to know that she is in her ageless home, even the Divine being. And it is all the work of Love.

CLXXXVII

There is a way of bitter agony, and there is a way of sweet suffering. There is a way of torment, and there is a way of blissful pain. And this is the more excellent way of Life. This is the more blessed path, wherein they who have become the little children of the Kingdom of Peace walk with God and know no evil. For they are now in the Great Peace in all their nature, and in heart and mind and soul their will is the One will of Life, and they know no fear. Yet leads this path to the same goal as does the way of the suffering sinner. For the way of the Cross is the one and same way for all us children of the human soul.

CLXXXVIII

Hate can never end hate, but Love can and does use the forces of hate to work out their mutual destruction. Hell can never end hell, but God can and does use the forces of hell to bring hell to naught.

CLXXXIX

When we wed this negative categorical with its positive fellow that evil is always relative; whence it follows that every-

thing is right in its own place, we shall find that we rest on a ground and standpoint, sure, abiding, consistent, and satisfying, from which to view the question that fills full with perplexity so many good and earnest minds at this hour of our world-conflict, as to whether they should take up arms or not.

For there is a righteousness of Hell as truly as there is a righteousness of Heaven. There is a righteousness of the beast or animal in man as truly as of the saint or angel in man. There is a law for all the degrees of our unfoldment right up through the animal and the human even unto the divine or Christ-degree of our nature; and in the fulfilling of this law is our good. And we do right when we fulfil this law of our present good, and we do wrong when we leave any of it unfulfilled.

CXC

Fearless of death, regardless of their own lives, counting never the cost of any sacrifice of self in the service of Love, these, the true aristocracy of humanity, the only well-born *noblesse* we can recognize—lineal descendants of the valiant champions of the rights of the people in days gone by: strong and great in their gentlehood—have ever formed the very bulwark of the great Christ-liberty of our land. They form the first line, the sturdy phalanx of live flesh and blood, who guard jealously the sacred treasure of the spiritual, moral, and social rights of old Britannia. To them have always been committed, because they are worthy, the keeping of the holy things of our national strength, the innermost penetralia of her very soul.

CXCI

He who is thus under the law of Christ would wrong his true nature and would violate the law of God in him if he forced himself, or allowed himself to be forced or induced by any power whatsoever, to use the weapons of hate or violence. He serves indeed and well, and there is no call in the service of compassion to which he will turn a deaf ear. He fights indeed and well, but it is the fight of the powers of brotherhood and

faith in man against their dark adversaries in high places. For this soul is great and strong and wise enough to know that, rather than take the life of a fellow man, he would, of necessity and without any hesitation, allow his own life to be taken.

This is the ideal for which the Church of Christ professes to stand, but we know how, when the time of proving has come upon her, she has almost utterly failed from her fair ideal. She has dallied with the world, and trimmed the sails of the ship of her Lord to the changeful winds of the politics of men. Well said my sister-friend, Jean of Scotland, to me last winter (1915-1916) when I met her one dark morn, draped in black, near Westminster Abbey: "Not for my dear boy who has just fallen do I wear these garments of dool. Nay, for him I would willingly don a robe of gold. But it is for her, the unfaithful bride of Christ, I wear them."

CXCII

So long as there is liberty of choice and action in all matters of conscience it is well and shall be well. But when a human soul is forced to violate the law of her nature it is wrong, all wrong, and we may surely look out for mischief.

CXCIII

Love, and Love alone, can heal the iniquity of our world-soul. Love of our neighbour alone can save us from our hell of hate. The Great Selfless Love alone can deliver us from the dark delusion of our nature, under whose spell we imagine we have no end of rights. Love alone is so rich she needs nothing. God is her portion, so she has no claims. She hath come to heal us of our insanities. And she will heal us through and through, and make us truly, and in all our nature, children of God.

THE GREAT LIBERATION

CXCIV

THY song, O Christ, thy song and not my song I would sing to thy little children now. Therefore thy Power I invoke and not the powers of my human soul.

O Christ, Thou Spirit of all good, we draw Thee by the desire of thy light into the soul of our earth.

Come, O come, sweet Light of the Divine smile, Jesu, holy light of Reason, Jesu, Thou shining light of the Love of God.

CXCV

The children of the Great Peace are in the very Heart of this Cosmos, and they feel the beat of the Heart of things human and terrestrial as truly as celestial and universal. And you may be sure if you only get to the Heart of things everything in your consciousness thereof will be found to take its own place, and to work easily and well, according to the perfect and absolute economy of our great and wondrous Cosmos. And if you do not find it to be so you may be sure that your heart is not yet pulsing in the full and easy rhythm of the Heart of the Universe.

CXCVI

Even as the light and virtue of the new heat, as soon as it shines in its strength, causes the hidden things of the earth to come forth into manifestation, so when the Christ-sun is beginning to shine in its new strength within our human nature it causes the hidden things of our heart to swarm forth, revealing thus to our own eyes things in our nature that we had little thought to find there.

The shell is cracking, the old husk is being dissolved, the Urge of the Eternal Sap is doing its work . . . the Holy Thing will find for Itself a body worthy of its habitation and a vessel fit for its use.

CXCVII

Listen, little children, to the word of the Father-Love, to the voice of the Mother-Wisdom.

Better to be the devoured than the devourer, for, verily, the devourer must be devoured unto the ages of ages. And so long as ye devour one another so long shall ye be the fodder of death. And so long as self-interest rules your activities, so long shall ye be outwitted and spoiled of the craftier wit. And so long as ye seek to better yourself at the cost of any soul so long shall ye be poor and hungry. And so long as ye indulge your appetites and feed your selfish desires so long shall ye be a sweet food to the stronger beasts of prey.

CXCVIII

Sweet, sweet it is to die for the fatherland, but sweeter far it is to give your life for the world. Truly the fatherland needs you, but Humanity needs you more, and in serving well the great human need ye will surely serve the fatherland best.

CXCIX

Why, brother, in truth and wisdom we say it: man is as needful to God as God is to man. The one cannot be without the other, for One, and holy, is the Body of Life.

Come, then, children of the One Life, let us commune together, let us talk quietly, face to face, in the light of this wisdom of life.

How long will ye that ye be devoured of the devourer; how long will ye that ye and your dear ones perish; how long, O children of the Love of God, will ye dwell in the deep abyss of greed and jealousy and hate? How long ere ye have learned that the wisdom of Life is to love one another?

Oh, the crime of a deep-set madness! It is driving mad many, many of our finest and best; for they have looked into the brother's eye.

Verily, until thou seest the angel in thy brother, whosoever he be, and not the devil, thou shalt not see aright! Seeing the angel, thou callest him forth; and seeing the devil, thou callest him forth. And it is only the Eye of Love, even the Eye of God in thee, that can see the beauty of God in the soul of man, or beast, or flower, or any creature. O my brother, be in the vision of God, and thine shall be the service of the Holy Thing of Life.

CC

Never, no never, by deluge of shells or river of liquid fire shall this unholy thing be slain; never by murder shall murder cease to be.

Until ye will to be free it is not in the power of Heaven to set you free. And so long as the elements of hell are sheltered within your heart ye shall be in the power and torment of hell.

Behold the passing away of the things that have been: for behold, I come quickly; and I, even I, the Holy Love-child, make all things new.

And so it is, and so it shall be; and well may we laugh with the laughter of the freeborn children of the New Day. For the Child of the New Day laughs with the good cheer of its own divinity; laughs, laughs at it all with the laughter of the ageless, sinless, deathless, griefless, tearless gods.

CCI

O Cross of Christ, most precious of all the priceless gifts of the Great Lover to the soul of man, I see thee there clearly outlined in the deep calm of the morning light; and I see thee within my soul; and I feel thee laid on my whole nature.

And for very love I kiss thee, and I love thee with all my heart and my strength and my mind.

I can see, so deep is the vision, another cross of like proportion that interpenetrates the great cross of our firmament.

And these are thy cross and my cross, and the cross of each of thy children, O Earth, thou beautiful, thou bountiful one. And it is the instrument of thy sore tribulation, O my mother, and the immeasurable woe of thy soul and of thy body, and we, the children, suffer in thy woe. It shall uplift thee, and with thee we shall arise from death; for this is the will of the One who is the Mind and the Soul and the Body of our Cosmos. And thou shalt stand among the daughters of the New Day, beautiful, O my mother, in thy new strength, clothed in the new and ageless garment of thy true glory.

Yea, even in these days thou art being delivered. For the pure Fire of the Free Spirit ever burns in thee, nor can the evergreen, the ageless Bush of thy humanity be consumed.

THE GREAT OBLATION

CCII

Ere the cock crow twice: Truly a new day, a new order, has come to our world, for the Dissolver has already dissolved the past form, and the Builder of the new is working, and we know it, in all places of our present existence. We know it is so, and yet the day breaks and the sun arises, and the master chanticleer awakens as of old the sleeping children of nature at the very hour in which Jesus looked into the eye of Peter. And again the gentle Lover looks into our eye, but this time we can say: O gentle Lover, thou hast won our whole nature, and henceforth we are the servants of thy will. For now that thy strength is our strength and our will thy will, we are able to stand in the hour of trial. And the lark sings his song high up there, hid in the clouds of early dawn, and far away in the deep forest skraykes forth the wild soul of the pheasant, and the cuckoo brings the note of the south, so that the great symphony of praise may be whole. And the great ocean utters too, as in the ages of the past, his mighty word of the eternities, hushing all other voices in his lullaby of peace.

CCIII

This is the year of the Lord of Life, and the lowliest creatures awake to the power of the Breath. And the honeysuckle is tipped with green, and the lambs-tail tassels of the hazel droop in beauty from the slender bough. And all this morning, through the dark locks of the shaggy pine, as he sways and yields to the power of the breath of the Master-singer, I hear the song of the New Day. And the auburn tresses of the graceful birch, his gentle companion of day and

night, are already heavy laden with the budding richness of the opening year.

CCIV

Little children of Christ, all of you, come to the call of the Great Shepherd. For it is not my voice, but the voice of the one Shepherd of souls who calls you now through the human voice of this servant-laddie. Come, ye little ones of the flock of Christ, come unto the comfort of the many, many folds in the garment of Love. For ye are all, all of you in the heart of God, and not one of you can ever be away from that love centre of your one common life. For this, this is your ageless Home, and ye can never be away from this Home. And no soul in whom the Eye of light shines, and no life in whom God's breath is breathing, can ever be lost unto God. Hear, then, ye little children of the Mother and the Father, the Saviour and the Healer, hear the calling of the wee herd-laddie; for he is calling to you out of the heart of the Good Shepherd.

Unto all peoples is our call to the enrobing of the new and greater righteousness. For of a truth the robe is ready, and only awaits your will to clothe you in its folds of power.

All creeds, institutions, systems, pass, but the Holy One, the Indwelling Presence, abideth ever.

CCV

All the virtues, sweetnesss, vital powers, and strengths of the winds and the rains, the snows and the frosts, the raging storms and the serene calms of ocean, of high mountain, great forest and wide plain, the balmy airs of their night, and the live heat of their noon, the great warmth of their summers and the rigid cold of their winters, the consuming heat of the sun and the comforting of his radiance, the virtues of the soul of all the live creatures of our earth, the beauty and gentle services of all sweet-smelling flowers and all healing plants—all, all I find in this One Divine sweetness of God we name "Jesus." And this I find to be the all-essential, never-failing holy thing of power in all healing and in all modes.

O human soul, what a holy vessel of God art thou! what a beauty can shine in and through thee as the Grail of Life!

I ask you now, my brother, my sister in Life, do you give God, are you as Jesus to any human soul? Do you radiate the light, do you breathe forth the sweetness of love to any soul? You can, if you will, be the live vessel of the Divine blessedness.

CCVI

I cannot tell how, during these past years of our great human woe and travail of soul, circumstances have combined in the most near and dear relationships of my life to try, to search, and almost to crush this human soul.

* * * *

One day, when these circumstances had come to a crisis, I was walking alone, in a grimy haze, on a lonely seashore, against a cold east wind. To all appearance things could not be worse than they were. and at the very end of myself, renouncing once and for all the effort of wit or of will to save me, I offered my life, ay, and my very soul, and all that I am, to the will of the old adversary of our blessedness.

And I did so utterly, irrevocably, sanely, and I cried in the agony of this self-surrender: Never again shall I seek to avoid any evil, any pain, any sorrow. I shall go to the deepest of the abyss of suffering, and I shall say to the crucifier: Now do your best on me. Henceforth I shall not care what its effect on my life may be.

And lo, that very midnight a new Thing was born in my soul, and the holy Love-light came into my consciousness in a way and in a measure never heretofore experienced by me, and it gave in me its name, and it called itself Jesus.

CCVII

When the whole nature is in the great stillness of the self-hood the Holy Thing comes forth of its own will out of the deep of God within the soul, and meets us there as friend

meets friend, face to face, and eye to eye. And there is no more contact more real, more intimate, more personal than this contact.

CCVIII

Even as the heat of the sun as it increases day by day causes us to throw off garment after garment until at last we wear nothing that we can do without, so the power of the Great Love—even the heat and radiance of the One Living Sun—makes us willing, and at last even eager, to divest ourselves of all the garmentings of our animal and psychic selfhood, wherein, for its protection during the periods of the early stages of growth, our kind mother in God, holy nature, had swaddled and clothed the God-child of our being.

Now, even as Jesus, through the utter yielding up of His nature to the great liberating power of the all-dissolving Essence, whereby the elements of His personal selfhood were set free, entered into the greater Life-consciousness and became the pure spirit who could be in any number of places, souls, etc., at the same time . . . so this same Christ-essence or spirit may so work its good work of liberation in you and in me, that we too may become pure spirit, free from the limitations of this degree, able to be wherever our service calls us, and having the power to fulfil the desire of our will.

CCIX

We all know our own past . . . and inasmuch, and in exact proportion as we are sensitive, kindly natures, this will have brought us much and intense suffering, and this suffering works in us as a fermenting of the very elements of our nature. Now, it may be that we have in the past days fled from much suffering. But a time has at length come when we have been able to say: I shall no longer flee from this. I shall allow it to do all its will in me. And you have taken it all quietly, not uttering one word of complaint, for instinctively you have felt that just in as much as you have yielded to self-pity, or secured the pity of any other soul, you have lost for

the use of your nature something that is more precious to her than can be computed by the ordinary judgment on values. And this something is the essential power of Life, for it enables you to endure in love and to be still in all your elements, so that God may be allowed to work in and through you the great work of the transmutation of the stuffs of the great animal soul of the race. For, behold, in the fulness of time, out of this experience has come forth a more tender tenderness, a greater compassion, a sweeter, a gentler, a holier love for all, whosoever they be. And even this is the sure fruition of this work, and you will never find it to fail.

CCX

In this more intense power of love is the very essence or strength of the new Life, the one and only all-cleansing, all-vivifying reality thereof. And through you it is distilled for all, and you will find, in the gentler thing thus brought forth in you, is a finer tenacity of Life, a more vital beauty even of personality, and above all the never-failing peace of God, even the live word of the whole harmony of Life, shedding itself in and through every mode and expression of your everyday being.

And your brother knows that in this he has spoken to you the holy truth, and he gives it to you now for the comfort and strengthening of the suffering Christ of your human nature.

CCXI

Have you any way to go which might be peculiarly trying to your nature? You are sure to find the Friend waiting there to accompany you through that dark passage. "For lo, I am with thee, the rod and the staff of my presence staying thee, comforting thee through whatever shade thy path may pass."

CCXII

This holy Love-light is the energizing, enrichening, fecundating power of God in the soul, and it manifests in the body

through all the expressions of our life, even unto the very timbre of the voice, in the power of the health of the deathless, ageless, living Spirit.

The soul knows, in a way that is beyond all doubt, when she does touch the One Life-centre of the great Cosmos. She knows when she feels the touch of, and the contact with, the Living God; and nothing can ever rob her of this knowledge.

It matters not how true and pure the love may be that she receives through a human vessel, she can never be satisfied till she is altogether given unto the beauty of this one love. All the experiences of the human or limited love are but powers whose very use and purpose are to prepare her as a body for this the one great consummation of her present being. Sure as the holy love-light shines through and through the soul, so surely will the whole nature of mind and flesh, of heart and will, be made whole in this beauty. The power of it is ever working within, and it works in the will of Beauty. We do not need to be always holding its presence in our conscious mentality in order that the work be done. For it suffices that it shines and shines within. And it never ceases to shine; for even when your physical or mental consciousness is exhausted, asleep, or otherwise occupied, yet is it shining, ever shining and doing its work. For "they rest not day nor night," for they are the powers of God within you.

For me the name of Jesus has come to stand for the whole human sanity of sweetness, gentleness, and all good cheer; manifesting its power in the whole life of a perfect love.

CCXIII

Even as the great service of our health is fulfilled through the unveiling of beauty, so is it through the unveiling of ugliness, whether it be of the personal or the communal soul. And even now is not the hideousness of the present commercial system making itself so manifest, that all may see?

You know, dear child of Light, the most secret service of the Great Beauty for your cleansing and healing, for has not the

Christ in thee, even the all-seeing, all-knowing eye of God within thy nature, looked on and judged all thy quick and thy dead in the resurrection of thy past? And what a resurrection! All the past deeds, even of our most secret will, arise before us quick once more in the live light of the one high Beauty of God; and we, our very selves, must pass judgment on them, and through them on this human soul who has been their creator in life. Well for thee, O soul, when thou art allowed so to judge in the light of the Christ-beauty, for then thy judgment is right, condemning the deed but not the doer. It is in the fulfilling of this great work of the will of God that we enter consciously and effectively into the service of the cosmic Lamb whose life is given for the bearing away of the sins of the world.

Once you have made the utter and absolute offering of your whole nature, just as you are, this being the whole oblation of your love, you are accepted by Love even as you are. You become then and therein, and in virtue of this one act of your whole will, a worker in the holy service of Life, and you are received into the great service . . . and you are robed according to the degree of your spiritual unfoldment, in a robe that, inasmuch as it is the Christ-consciousness in you, becomes fairer and finer, stronger and more enduring.

The more and more fit you become for this robe of Life the simpler and simpler will become your ways of life and thought, and the sweeter and lowlier your estimate of yourself, and the keener and finer your sensitiveness to aught in your nature that is not altogether in the great Beauty. And now that you are initiated into the great service of the Temple of Life you never can cease from the service nor go forth from the holy place of your power. You pass from the outer to enter the inner. For soon as you are fit, that is, as soon as your new robe is ready, you enter the new temple to fulfil the services thereof.

During night and day, in sleeping and in awaking, whether we be in the body or out of it, we are in the Great Work, and the work is fulfilling itself in and through us; and we cease not

day nor night to sing with those who ever sing the ageless Song of Life: Holy, Holy, Holy, O Great Love art Thou, the universe is full of thy glory, the whole creation breathes thy sweetness and sings forth thy beauty. And this holy service of the one Temple is thy destiny, O reader of this word, whosoever thou art.

CCXIV

Oh, let us be children, ever playing the holy play of innocence in whatsoever circumstances we may be and however we may feel. Thus are we in the divine carelessness of what is to be, doing the little deed ever, and, having done it, leaving it there with God. Then are we indeed in the true place of power even with and in the One will of Life. And of a truth all our experience has made it clear to us that when there is no thought whatsoever of fruitage the fruitage is best. For it is whole, being of the union of living and doing.

CCXV

Words are things of reality. They are the strength of your whole nature, and your very life-blood is in them. For a true word is alive, and it is no word if it is not alive. And they work out for their own genius, whether it be for life or for death, for health or for disease.

God wills not disease or disorder of any kind. But when through the violation of the Holy Law, either on our part or on that of our ancestors, and whether wrought in ignorance or in wilfulness, it is called into existence, it must, according to the nature of our cosmos, manifest in the fruition of ill. And God can and does use it for the greater good of your deathless nature.

CCXVI

In the service of healing we know that the power, being of God, is unlimited, but we also know that the channel, vessel, or organon is limited. And were we, as so many earnest souls are

apt to do, to forget this fact, we shall soon be reminded of it by our experience. And this, too, is only for our health, for to be mindful of the limitations of our vessel keeps us humble; and to be humble, sweetly humble, is to be in the sanity of Christ.

The Sun of the soul is always shining, but at times the mists, clouds, and miasmas of the lower self or earth nature hide over the face of our Holy One, and so He cannot shine forth for our blessedness. And the work of healing is then to blow away these mists from the soul of anyone we would serve.

Have you, my sister, my brother, dear in the service of the healing Christ, ever observed that the finest virtue that has been shed through you may have been in the very deepest of your personal pain or darkness, or anguish of soul, or, it may be, of body? Is it not that the great work of the oblation or sacrifice of self unto Love is even now being fulfilled in you literally and actually in and through your nature whose vital elements are being consumed in the fire of the great Soul-service?

CCXVII

The use of the word must not depend on how we feel at the time; for to be subject to our feelings, as we know so well, not only robs us of many a genuine opportunity of doing the good thing, but in time actually paralyses our power of doing or saying the good thing. We must use the word given us to use, whatever may be the mood of the moment, knowing it to be a word of power.

As you will see clearly, it is really a very heavy service for the whole nature of the ministrant. For the personal touch is in it, and all the powers of the personal will, or desire and knowledge, are used in it. Yet they are used in a mode that is altogether superpersonal in nature, in effect, and in use.

The healer in Christ has come to where the soul ceases from all effort of self-will.

When at last we yield up this blind old selfwill who foolishly imagines that the work of God is his work, and withdraw our

whole nature into the deep quiet of the one will of blessing, then we shall rest for a season, and in the fulness of time we shall find that a new power, even finer and fuller, has been imparted to us, that once more the song of Life is singing within us and more sweetly, that the vision of God is restored to our soul, and that she sees more deeply into the mystery of Beauty than heretofore.

Our soul is at rest now, for she has come into all her own estate, even all the good of the living God. And she knows no more desire for any good thing, for she is all in Christ who is the fulness of all the good of Life. No craving to know, no yearning now to do even the works of the will of blessing; no more hunger and thirst after righteousness; for Christ, the whole Blessedness of God, is in her, ay, more truly in and of her than any element or personal power of her nature; even Christ, the sweet Indweller, the Lover, the Giver of all good; Christ, the whole Beauty of God, is now her inalienable possession, her eternal all and in all.

O Christ, hast Thou not made thy suffering my one, my only good?

How, then, knowing this so well, can I turn me away from any suffering?

CCXVIII

I know, I my Holy One, that Thou art able to make me whole, and I know that thou art making me whole. I know that Thou art making me cleaner and sweeter in the inward parts. I know that Thou art making me more and more loving and true and gentle. I know that Thou art making me more beautiful through and through, and more and more worthy to be the servant of Love.

O Christ, living Christ of my soul, Thou who art my one beauty, my whole goodness, yea, my all and in all, give, O give thy power of life and all the beauty and goodness thereof, even now unto the poorest, uncomeliest, and most miserable who can receive the blessing, wheresoever this soul be.

CCXIX

O Hand of God, O good Hand, into thy keeping we now commit all who are a care to our human soul, and we cease from all anxiety concerning them. O Hand of God, O good Hand, we commit to Thee now our own nature and all we are and all our ways and activities in life. And we cease from all care about our past, our present, or our future. And having committed all to Thee, no more need we pray unto Thee for any good, for that were to return to the past infirmity. And so, even as a little child rests in the arms of the mother's love, we shall rest in thine arms and thus draw all these thy little ones into the deep quiet of thy peace wherein is the health of God, the only health. For until we have committed our all unto Thee and made Thee our whole good we have not entered into life the blessed.

CCXX

And now, fellow ministrants in this holy service, in and through your human soul, your flesh and your blood, has been poured forth anew the life of the Christ of the Ages of our race. And this is the agelong forthpouring of the life of God. And it is ever flowing through the gift of self in the Great Love service of every human soul.

THE END

EPILOGUE

FARE YE WELL

In the hand of the Great Love is the cup of Life. And the Bread and the Wine are Christ, and the Cup is the body of Love, and the Great Love is the Motherhood of God.

It changeth never. For our Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and throughout the æons of the Deep of God.

Fare you well, whosoever you be, human soul dear unto the Great Mōther-Love.

This is the gospel of Christ to you, human soul. And this gospel is now given you that you may give it to every soul you touch.

Freely ye have received; freely give.

The body of God is broken for all.

